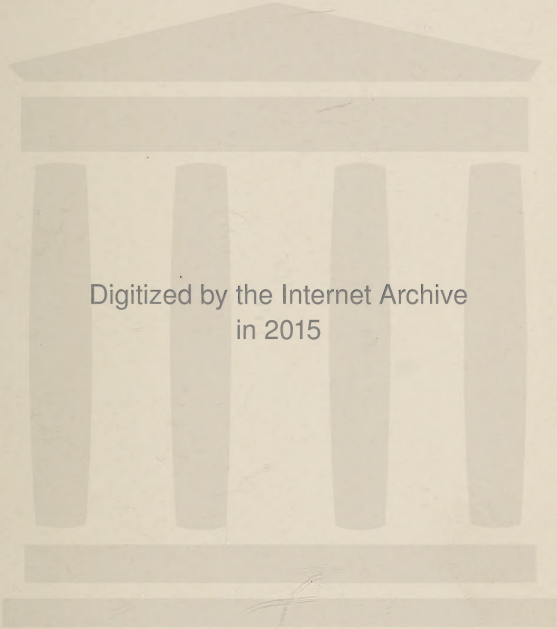
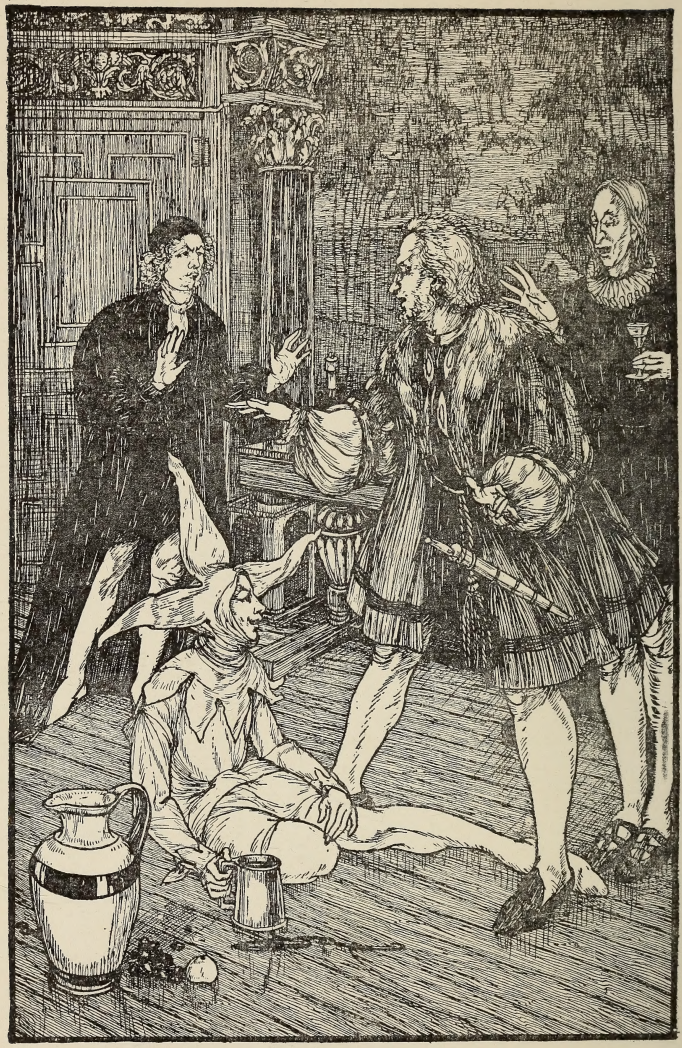
SHAKESPEARE

TWELFTH NIGHT

STEVENSON





Sir Toby. "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

Act II. Scene III.

The Copp Clark Literature Series

No. 21

SHAKESPEARE'S

TWELFTH NIGHT

OR

WHAT YOU WILL

WITH ANNOTATIONS BY

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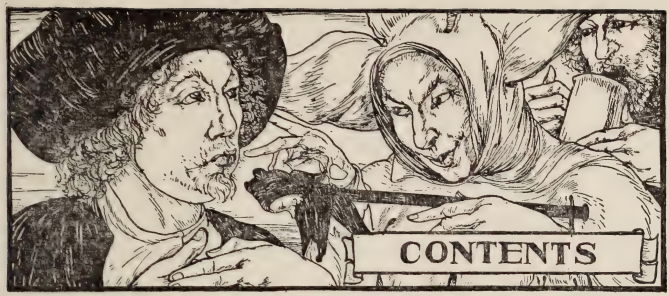


INTRODUCTION

The Life of Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare was born in Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on April 23rd, 1564. His father, John Shakespeare, was, in early life, a prosperous citizen of Stratford; his mother, Mary Arden, was the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Warwickshire. Between the ages of seven and fourteen, Shakespeare probably attended the Stratford Grammar School, where, among other things, he received some training in Latin. In the year 1582, before he was nineteen years of age, he married Anne Hathaway, of Shottery, a woman who was some eight years his senior. Two of their children, Susanna and Judith, married, but only one of Shakespeare's grand-children reached maturity, and with her death in 1669 or 1670 the poet's family became extinct.

About the year 1586, Shakespeare left Stratford and went to London, where he appears to have obtained employment in some capacity in connection with the London theatres. About 1588 he began making over old plays, and in 1590 he probably wrote his first original drama. During the next twenty years, from 1590 to 1610, he produced play after play, and there is abundant evidence to show the esteem in which he was held by his contemporaries. In 1594 he was a member of the Earl of Leicester's Company of Players. When the Globe theatre was built in 1599, Shakespeare was one of the chief shareholders, and most of his plays were acted in this theatre.

In the meantime he had begun to acquire property in Stratford. In 1597 he had purchased the fine residence known as New Place, and from this time forward he appears to have looked more and more to Stratford as his home. About the year 1610 or 1611, he left London and returned to Stratford with the apparent intention of living in ease and retirement on the competence which he had accumulated. A few years later, however, his health failed, and he died in April, 1616, in his fifty-second year. He was buried in the chancel of the Church of the Holy Trinity, in Stratford.

Shakespeare's literary career is generally, for the sake of convenience, divided into four periods, according to the character of the plays which he produced:

(*a*) 1588-1594. This is largely a period of apprenticeship. To this period belong, *Love's Labour's Lost, Comedy of Errors, Richard III.*, and possibly *Romeo and Juliet.*

(*b*) 1594-1600. During this period most of the great comedies and the English historical plays were produced. To this period belong, *A Midsummer Night's Dream, The Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, Richard II., Henry IV.*, and *Henry V.*

(*c*) 1600-1606. During this period most of the great tragedies were produced. To this period belong *Julius Cæsar, Hamlet, Othello, King Lear* and *Macbeth.*

(*d*) 1606-1612. This is a period of later tragedy and of serious comedy. To this period belong, *Antony and Cleopatra, Coriolanus, Cymbeline, The Tempest* and *A Winter's Tale.*

Shakespeare himself took no pains to preserve his plays in permanent form. In all only fifteen of his plays were printed during his lifetime. In 1623, however, seven years after his death, a complete collection of his plays, thirty-six in all, were published in what is known as *The Folio of 1623.*

NOTE.—A folio page is about the size of an ordinary page of foolscap (about 13″ x 8½″), formed by folding the printer's sheet of paper once. When the printer's sheet is divided into four parts, the size of page is known as *quarto*; when divided into eight parts it is *octavo*; when divided into twelve parts it is *duodecimo.* The plays which were printed during Shakespeare's lifetime were published in quarto volumes, as distinguished from the later folios.

The Theatre in Shakespeare's Time.

The first theatre in London was built in 1576, and was known as *The Theatre.* Both this and other theatres which followed, The Curtain, The Globe, Blackfriars, and others, were built outside the city limits in order to escape the restrictions which were placed on the theatre by the Puritans. Most of the theatres were frame structures which were open to the sky, the only roofed part being the stage, or, at most, the raised seats next the walls. The better class of people occupied seats in the boxes overlooking the stage, or sat on stools or reclined on the rushes on the floor of the stage itself. The floor of the pit was merely hard earth, and it was not provided with seats. The admission to the pit was only a penny, and here the rabble crowded together, jostled each other, cracked nuts, ate apples, and laughed and joked and made sport of the actors.

The performance of the play began at three o'clock in the afternoon, and usually lasted two or three hours. The stage was hung with black

to indicate tragedy, and with blue to indicate comedy. There was no curtain to mark the opening and closing of the scenes, and beyond a few simple articles of furniture, no scenery of any account was used. At the back of the stage was a sort of gallery or balcony, which served the purpose of an upper room, or any place which was raised above the level of the ordinary scene. A change of place was indicated by a board with the name painted on it, as, London, Venice, Rome, Sardis. A light blue flag was used to indicate a day scene,—a dark flag to indicate a night scene. The women's parts in the play were acted by boys, and women did not appear even among the audience unless they wore masks. It was not until after the Restoration, that movable stage scenery was introduced, and that female parts were acted by women.

The Metre of Shakespeare's Plays.

The plays of Shakespeare are written in blank verse, that is, verse in which the lines do not rhyme. Each line contains five feet, consisting of two syllables each, with the accent falling on the second syllable. This measure is known as *iambic pentameter.*

When we mark the divisions between feet and indicate the accents in a line of poetry, we are said to *scan* it. Where the metre is perfectly regular, the scansion presents no difficulty; but very frequently the poet finds it necessary to vary his metre, either for the sake of avoiding monotony or for the purpose of producing certain special effects. The following are the most important of the variations which occur in the metre of Shakespeare:

(*a*) Sometimes, especially after a pause, the accent falls upon the first syllable instead of the second, as, for example:

Wo'e to / the ha'nd / that sh'ed / this co'st/ly blo'od!
What ju'dg/ment sh'all / I dre'ad, / d'oing / no wro'ng?

(*b*) An extra syllable is frequently added, especially at the end of a line, as, for example:

Art th'ou / some g'od, / some a'n/gel o'r / some de'v/il?
It dr'op/peth a's / the ge'n/tle ra'in / from he'av/en.

(*c*) Sometimes a foot contains two unaccented syllables, as, for example, in the following lines:

I am ne'v/er m'er/ry wh'en / I he'ar / sweet m'u/sic;
Let me s'ee, / let me s'ee, / was n'ot / the lea'f / turn'd dow'n?

In many cases, however, one of the unaccented syllables is elided, or slurred over in reading, as, for example, in the following:

Canst tho'u / not m'in/(i)ster t'o / a mi'nd / dise'ase?
We'll se'nd / Mark A'n / t(o)ny t'o / the Se'n/ate-ho'use.
Macb'eth / doth m'urder sle'ep, / the i'n/n(o)cent sl'eep.

(*d*) Certain groups of letters which are now pronounced as one syllable, are sometimes pronounced as two syllables in Shakespeare, as, for example, in the following:

The noble Brutus
Hath to'ld / you Ca'es/ar wa's / amb'it / i-o'us.
Misli'ke / me n'ot / for m'y / comple'x/i-o'n.

(*e*) It frequently happens that among the accented syllables in a line of poetry some have a stronger stress than others; and in order to scan a line, it is sometimes necessary to accent words which according to the sense have no stress, as, for example, in the case of the italicized words in the following:

Throw phy's/ic *to'* / the do'gs; / I'll no'ne / of i't!
There *t's* / a ti'de / in *th'e* / affa'irs / of me'n.

Rhyme is used by Shakespeare chiefly for the purpose of giving emphasis to those lines in which the speaker expresses a purpose or decision, and it very frequently marks the close of a scene. Shakespeare used rhyme much more freely in his earlier than in his later plays.

Prose. Shakespeare makes use of prose in his plays wherever the characters belong to a lower level of society, as, for example, the citizens in *Julius Cæsar*, the porter in *Macbeth*, and Lancelot Gobbo, the clown, in *The Merchant of Venice*. Prose is also used in letters, as, for example, that of Bellario in *The Merchant of Venice*, and for rhetorical speeches, as in the case of the paper of Artemidorus and the oration of Brutus in *Julius Cæsar*. Sometimes also, prose is used for the purpose of producing a special dramatic effect, as in the case of Casca's assumed bluntness of manner in *Julius Cæsar*; and in the scene in *The Merchant of Venice* where Shylock is "tortured" by Tubal; and in the sleep-walking scene in *Macbeth*.

TWELFTH NIGHT

Date of the Play

Twelfth Night was first published in the Folio of 1623, seven years after Shakespeare's death; but it is supposed to have been written in the year 1601. An entry in the diary of one John Manningham shows that *Twelfth Night* was acted in the hall of the Middle Temple on February 2, 1602. On the other hand, in a book entitled *Palladis Tamia*, or "The Wit's Treasury" published in September, 1598, a list of Shakespeare's plays is given, and *Twelfth Night* is not among them. It must therefore have been written between these two dates, September 1598, and February, 1602. The song "Farewell, dear heart", in Act III., Sc. II., is supposed to have appeared for the first time in a *Book of Ayres*, published in 1601. If this is so, it seems likely that 1601 is the date of the play; and the literary style of the play helps to confirm this conclusion.

Sources of the Plot

There were several plays and stories in existence in Shakespeare's time, from which he may have obtained materials, or at least suggestions, for *Twelfth Night*. In the main, however, the plot follows in its general outlines that of an Italian play *Gl' Ingannati*, "The Deceived", which was first acted in 1531. Other sources to which Shakespeare may have been indebted to a slight extent are: a prose tale by Bandello, an Italian, published in 1554; an English story entitled *Apolonius and Silla*, by Barnabe Riche, published in 1581; and an Italian play, *Gl' Inganni*, "The Cheats", published in 1592. But in any case Shakespeare owed little to these originals beyond the bare framework of the plot. The delineation of character, the humour, and the poetry and charm of the play, are Shakespeare's own.

Title of the Play

Twelfth night is the evening of January 6th, the twelfth day after Christmas,—the day on which was celebrated the

feast of the Epiphany, which commemorates the revelation of the birth of Christ to the wise men of the east. Twelfth night was formerly given over to festivities of various kinds, "masques, pageants, feasts, and traditionary sports"; and it is supposed that the play was called *Twelfth Night* because it was written for a Twelfth Night festival. The sub-title, *What You Will*, suggests that the audience may take whatever they like out of the play, be it serious or gay. Neither the main title nor sub-title has any relation to the plot; but the audience may readily guess that the play is a bright, light-hearted comedy such as is suited to Twelfth Night festivities.

Structure of the Play

In the development of a Shakespearean play there are five stages,—the introduction, the complication or rising action, the crisis, the resolution or falling action, and the dénouement or conclusion. In *Twelfth Night*, Act I. forms the "introduction". During the first Act all the important characters in the play except Sebastian, are brought upon the stage. The foundation of the triangular love story is laid, and the two other characters who aspire to Olivia's favour, Sir Andrew and Malvolio, are portrayed. In Act II. and the first part of Act III. the "complication" takes place. The passion of Olivia for Viola is developed; Malvolio falls into the trap set for him; and Sir Toby amuses himself with "botching up" a duel between Sir Andrew and Viola. The "crisis" occurs when Antonio enters, interrupts the duel, and mistakes Viola for Sebastian. This is followed, in Act IV. and the first part of Act V., by the "resolution" or falling action, the betrothal of Olivia and Sebastian, the further humiliation of Malvolio, and the series of situations arising from the mistaken identity of Viola and Sebastian. The "dénouement" or conclusion is brought about, in Act V., by the entrance of Sebastian. The recognition of Sebastian as the twin brother of Viola helps to "untie" the complicated knots of the play, and with the Malvolio complication also solved, the play ends happily.

Twelfth Night, it will be seen, is not constructed according to a perfectly symmetrical plan. The crisis does not come in

the exact centre of the play, and the second half of the play is not balanced against the first half, as in some of Shakespeare's plays. But at the same time there is an orderly development of plot, and the rise and fall of the action follows the general Shakespearean plan.

"Twelfth Night" as a Comedy

Twelfth Night was written probably in the same year as *Julius Caesar*. It comes at the close of Shakespeare's second period, the period of light-hearted comedy and history, and immediately before the series of tragedies in which Shakespeare deals with the serious problems and tragic crises in life. There are those who profess to find in *Twelfth Night* a tinge of sadness which forebodes the gloomier outlook of the great tragedies; and they see in the shipwreck, the pensive dreaminess of the duke, the misfortunes of Antonio, and the distress of Malvolio, a touch of gloom, "the shadow of death and distress across the sunshine". But as a matter of fact there is less sadness in *Twelfth Night* than in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, or *As You Like It*, or *The Merchant of Venice*; and on the other hand there is more gaiety of spirit in the foolery of the clown, more mischief in the "fruitless pranks" of Sir Toby, and more of the genuinely ludicrous in Malvolio, more indeed that is delightful and charming in the play as a whole, than in any other single comedy of Shakespeare's. "This is justly considered," says Hazlitt, "as one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's comedies. It is full of sweetness and pleasantry. It is perhaps too good-natured for comedy. It has little satire and no spleen. It makes us laugh at the follies of mankind, not despise them."

Sources of Interest in the Play

Twelfth Night gives pleasure to the audience partly because of the portrayal of character and the variety of incident, and partly because of its special features,—the songs, the drunken revelry of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and the humour of the clown. The most important characters in the play are the duke, Viola, Olivia, and Malvolio. Although the duke is a dreamer rather than a man of action, his poetic nature pleases

the audience, while in Olivia and Viola they find two charming types of womanhood. Malvolio, on the other hand, is interesting because his character is a mingling of seriousness with pompous vanity which proves to be his undoing. On the side of action, both the main plot and the sub-plot provide amusing and interesting situations. The audience are kept constantly on the alert, and the interest never flags. It is true that the motive of the main plot, that of mistaken identity, is not a new one; but it is always full of possibilities of amusing situations, and never fails to hold the interest. *Twelfth Night* contains three or four of the most charming songs in Shakespeare; the scenes with Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, provide entertainment for the "groundlings" in the audience, and amusement for all. The scenes devoted to the sub-plots are among the most humorous in Shakespeare; and as if to make sure that no further delight should be lacking, the dramatist has provided in the person of the clown a source of bright wholesome humour which irradiates the whole play with sunshine.

In certain of Shakespeare's plays he makes use of special devices in order to heighten the dramatic interest,—suspense, nemesis, dramatic irony, and the supernatural. In *Twelfth Night* the situations are such as to give rise to dramatic irony, and Shakespeare uses it to good effect. But aside from this, no special device is used to heighten the interest in the play. Its own inherent charm of character and incident is sufficient to hold the interest of the audience.

Important Characters in the Play

The Duke. The duke does not take as prominent a part in the action of the play as some of the other characters,—Viola, Olivia, Malvolio, or Sir Toby; but he occupies, nevertheless, an important place in the development of the plot. As the Duke of Illyria he is evidently its ruler and most distinguished personage; and "Orsino's court" is a centre of wealth and refinement. Olivia describes him as,

> "Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
> In voices well-divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant;
> And in dimension and the shape of nature
> A gracious person";

and he is evidently a man of poetic temperament, who charms us by his love of music and by his dreamy and poetic fancies. But gracious and noble as he is by nature, his character as we see it in the play, is one-sided and defective. He is too much of a dreamer, too much absorbed in himself, too much given to contemplation of his own feelings, a sort of gentle egoist who is never carried away by an overmastering passion for any object outside of himself. He fancies himself in love with Olivia, but he mistakes mere sentiment for passion. He is satisfied to have his wooing done by another; and when he finds that Olivia is beyond his reach his sentiment for her seems to vanish into thin air. Shakespeare has, it must be remembered, shown Orsino in one capacity only, as a sentimental lover ; and it is possible that in council he may be a wise and diplomatic ruler ; but we can scarcely imagine him as leading his galleys in a running sea-fight ! We may readily suppose, however that when his sentimental fancy for Olivia has given way to a well-founded affection for Viola, his gentleness and his love of beauty will find an outlet in ministering to her happiness and to the good of his people.

Viola. Viola takes rank as one of the most charming and lovable of the heroines of Shakespeare's plays. In *Twelfth Night* she is seen under circumstances which bring out at their best the womanly qualities which constitute her chief charm. At the beginning of the play the situation in which she finds herself is a difficult one. She is an orphan ; she has suffered shipwreck, in which she has lost her brother ; and she is a stranger in an unknown kingdom. When she hears of Olivia's grief at the death of her brother she wishes to serve her ; but finding that this is impossible, she decides to enter the service of the duke in disguise, perhaps with some vague idea that she may further his suit with Olivia. But she herself falls in love with the duke. She is sent to plead his cause with Olivia, and though it is "a barful strife", she suppresses her own feelings and urges his suit with the utmost loyalty. When Olivia falls in love with her, Viola displays both firmness and dignity ; but at the same time she feels a womanly pity for the hopeless passion of Olivia. By the very nature

of circumstances she has no confidante, but her feelings find some relief in the scene in which, with as much tenderness as modesty, she tells of the hopeless love of her supposed sister. And in the end, when threatened with death by the duke, her passionate love for him finds expression in words which have the true ring of sincerity in them. Like the duke himself, she has in her disposition a touch of poetic fancy; but at the same time she is keen-witted and alert, and is able to hold her own in an encounter of wit with the clown as well as with Sir Toby and the sharp-tongued Maria. Her wit is, however, not wholly spontaneous, and she is, on the whole, a half-pathetic, but nevertheless a very sweet and lovable figure.

Olivia. Olivia is scarcely less admirable in character than Viola; but she is of a wholly different type. She is a woman of wealth and of dignity, who "sways her house" and "commands her followers" with "a smooth, discreet and stable bearing"; and in all her ordinary activities she gives the impression of being capable and self-possessed. Even before the action of the play begins she has rejected the suit of the duke, perhaps because she knows that he is not really in love with her, or perhaps, as Sir Toby says, because "she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, or wit". When she falls in love with Viola she is unable to conceal her feelings, and lest Viola should consider her lacking in modesty, she pleads her "headstrong" passion as an excuse. And though such a confession of love might under some circumstances be considered indelicate, in the case of Olivia it is readily forgiven. In all other respects, as seen in the play, she is a sane and wholesome woman. She has sufficient humour to take delight in the fool; she is sympathetic enough to pity Malvolio, and firm-minded enough to hold even her boisterous uncle Toby in check. In whatever circumstances she may find herself there is little doubt that she will be mistress of the situation.

Malvolio. Malvolio is Olivia's steward, and without doubt she knows both his good qualities and his defects better than any one else. She describes him as "sad and civil", and adds that he "suits well for a servant with my fortunes"; when he suddenly seems to have become "tainted in 's wits" she as-

sures Maria that she would not have him miscarry for the half of her dowry. But if she appreciates his good qualities she is equally aware of his defects, and tells him plainly that he is "sick of self-love", and lacking in a sense of humour. It is this "self-love", indeed, that is his undoing. He is filled with a sense of his own importance, and treats every one else churlishly. He speaks of the clown as "a barren rascal". When he gives the ring to Viola he rudely tells her that she might have saved him his pains if she had taken it away herself. He tells Sir Toby that he has "neither wit, manners, nor honesty", and threatens to report Maria to her mistress. Maria, on her part, does not describe his pompous vanity as "self-love"; she says that he is "a time-pleaser, an affectioned ass, . . . so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him"; and on this self-esteem their revenge "finds notable cause to work". Malvolio falls all the more readily into the trap because he is aware that his mistress thinks well of him; but it is only because he is blinded by his excessive vanity and because he is lacking in a sense of the ridiculous that he is so easily "gulled" by Maria. When he finally discovers that he has been the victim of a humiliating jest he is naturally furious, and vows revenge upon "the whole pack" of them; and it is not to be expected that the duke's messenger will be able to "entreat him to a peace". Indeed, in consideration of his praiseworthy qualities, his dignity of bearing, his seriousness, his trustworthiness and devotion to his duties, the audience are half inclined to sympathize with him and to agree with Olivia that he has been "notoriously abused".

Sebastian. The most outstanding quality of Sebastian is energy, and decision of character. In his conversation with Antonio he displays self-reliance and firmness of will. When Olivia offers him her hand, though he is for the moment astonished and perplexed, he is sufficiently self-possessed to analyse the situation and decide promptly on his course of action. And when Sir Andrew and Sir Toby attack him he returns their blows with such vigour that Sir Andrew calls him "the very devil incardinate". His sudden acceptance of the hand of Olivia is as surprising to the audience as

it was, no doubt, to Olivia herself. He does not even plead the justification of love at first sight; but he realizes that her apparent passion for him is a piece of accidental good fortune, and he does not hesitate to accept it. The audience, on their part, are easily reconciled to the situation, for Sebastian has already shown his tenderness and affection in speaking of Viola to Antonio; Antonio, rough sailor though he is, is devoted to him; and better than all else, he is the brother of Viola, and in the eyes of the audience he already possesses her virtues.

Sir Toby Belch. Sir Toby, in spite of his drunkenness and his boisterous humours, or perhaps because of them, is a favourite with the audience. It is true that he is subject to sudden gusts of temper, but he is, at the same time, jovial and witty, and has an irrepressible sense of humour that leads him to play practical jokes on others. He knows that Sir Andrew is a "gull" and treats him as such; and he encourages him in his impossible wooing of Olivia for the sake of getting what he can out of him. He is a noisy blustering fellow,—but for all his bluster he is no coward and does not hesitate to plunge into the fight with Sebastian,—from which he comes off with "a bloody coxcomb." Beyond the fact that he stages the duel between Viola and Sir Andrew and is one of the confederates in the plot against Malvolio, he does not play an important part in the development of the plot; but he nevertheless contributes greatly to the humour of the play. If the part of Sir Toby were omitted, although the play would still be a charming poetic comedy, it would be lacking in the robust vigor and the jovial humour which always attend the appearance of the drunken Sir Toby.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek. It is obvious that Shakespeare intended to portray Sir Andrew as a type of simpleton and "clodpole"; and from the moment that he appears on the stage, with hair "that hangs like flax on a distaff", and with vacant expression of countenance, he is the occasion of mirth for the audience. Throughout the play he is the boon companion of Sir Toby, and is "drunk nightly" in his company. Sir Toby has tricked the foolish knight into believing that he

might become a wooer of Olivia; and under cover of this delusion he has already done him out of two thousand ducats; but Sir Andrew is "a fool and a prodigal", and he cannot see that Sir Toby is using him as a dupe. He admits very naively that many do call him fool, but he is satisfied that he has at least as much wit as "a Christian or an ordinary man". In reality, however, he is barren of ideas and is a mere echo of Sir Toby, whom he tries to emulate. Like others of his type he possesses a sort of childish vanity; and one evidence of his foolishness is that he is always boasting of his accomplishments. In his own opinion he is "a dog at a catch"; his foolery is "more natural" than that of Sir Toby; he can "cut a caper"; and he "delights in masques and revels". He would like to have the reputation of being a fighter, and he talks of beating Malvolio "like a dog"; but in the words of Maria, "he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling". He is fortunately happy in his own foolishness, so that as one pities him; and even when Sir Toby at length dismisses him as "a thin-faced knave and a gull", the audience have a feeling that this is nothing more than he deserves, and that it cannot hurt his feelings greatly since he has so often been called a fool before.

Maria. Maria is spoken of in the play as a "chambermaid", but she is a sort of familiar attendant or maid-in-waiting to Olivia. Throughout the play, however, she is more closely associated with Sir Toby and Fabian than with any one else, and she is a kindred spirit of Sir Toby and his associates. The first impression we are given of her as she appears on the stage is that she is diminutive in size. Sir Toby speaks of her as "the youngest wren of nine", and later, with a touch of irony, as "Penthesilea," the queen of the Amazons; and Viola laughingly calls her a "giant". But if she is diminutive, she is nevertheless sharp-tongued and sharp-witted, and full of irrepressible fun,—"as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria". She parries wit with Sir Toby, Viola, and the clown, and makes sport of Sir Andrew and Malvolio in turn. It is evident that she bears Malvolio a grudge, and it is she who invents and carries into effect their plot for revenge. When at length the announcement is made that Sir Toby has mar-

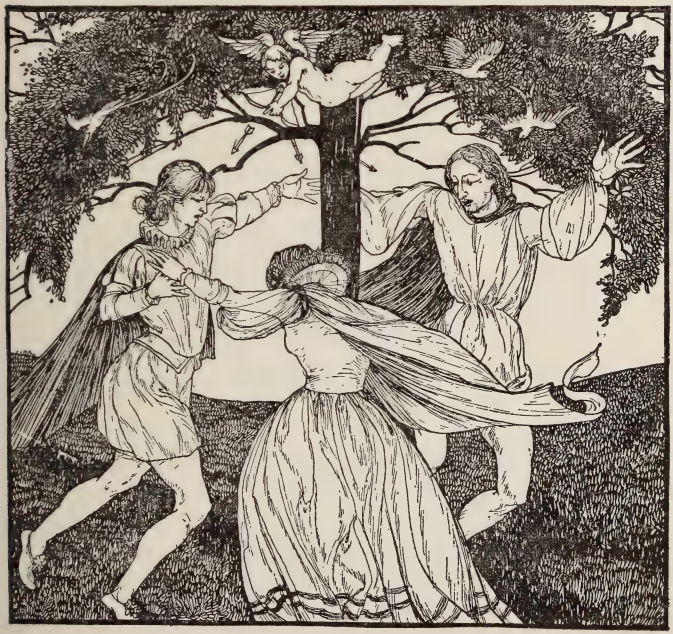
ried her, the audience are not surprised, for the clown has hinted at the possibility, and Sir Toby himself had declared that he "could marry the wench" for her device, and because, to quote his own words, she is a "most excellent devil of wit".

The Clown. Feste, to give him his proper name, is the most delightful of the jesters in Shakespeare's plays. Although he is spoken of as "the clown" in the play, he is far from being a mere buffoon; for his speeches are full of keen wit and delightful humour. There is, moreover, little coarseness and no trace of bitterness in his jests. He radiates brightness and sunshine throughout the play. He describes himself as a "corrupter of words", but as a matter of fact he is something of a scholar. He makes fun of the new fashions of speech which have brought the words "element" and "vent" into common use; he quotes Latin upon occasion; and he shows by his speech that he has learned the elements of logic. But better even than his wit and humour are his songs, both grave and gay, which go to show that he has a touch of sentiment as well as a gift of music; and it adds to our appreciation of him to know that, even if he resents being called "a barren rascal" by Malvolio, there is, on the other hand, a strain of tenderness in his nature. He comes into contact with all the characters in the play, the duke, Viola, Olivia, Sir Toby, Maria, Malvolio; and with the exception of Malvolio, one and all have a kindly feeling for Feste, the jester, the one character in the play who "strives to please you every day".

Time Analysis

The play covers a period of three days, with a further interval of three days between Scenes III. and IV. of the First Act. During the first day, Viola enters the service of the duke, and on that night presumably, Sir Toby and Sir Andrew engage in their "revels" in Olivia's house. In the beginning of Scene IV. Valentine says to Viola, in speaking of the duke, "He hath known you but three days"; so that we know definitely what length of time has elapsed since Viola's arrival. On the second day of the action, immediately after the three day interval, Viola visits Olivia, who sends the ring after her. On the same day Sebastian takes leave of Antonio:

and that night Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria plan to revenge themselves on Malvolio. The remainder of the action occupies the third day. But in *Twelfth Night*, as in other plays, in order to make the development of the plot seem more natural, Shakespeare contrives to give the impression that much longer time has passed than that actually accounted for in the play; and so strong is the glamour which the play throws over us that we do not feel that there is any exaggeration in the duke's statement that Viola has been in his service for three months. This statement is in itself an evidence of the dramatist's art; for when a play is acted on the stage the audience do not critically estimate the time that has actually passed, and are ready to accept without question any suggestion as to the passage of time, that on the surface appears reasonable.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Orsino, Duke of Illyria.

Sebastian, brother to Viola.

Antonio, a sea captain, friend to Sebastian.

A Sea Captain, friend to Viola.

Valentine, Curio, } gentlemen attending on the Duke.

Sir Toby Belch, uncle to Olivia.

Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

Malvolio, steward to Olivia.

Fabian, Feste, a clown, } servants to Olivia.

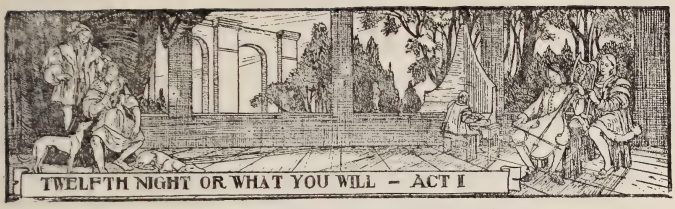
Olivia, a rich countess.

Viola.

Maria, Olivia's woman.

Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

Scene: *A city in Illyria, and the sea coast near it.*



SCENE I. *An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and other* Lords ; Musicians *attending.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on ;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ! it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour ! Enough ; no more :
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou !
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute ! so full of shapes is fancy,
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord ?

Duke. What, Curio ?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have :
O, when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence !
That instant was I turn'd into a hart ;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds.
E'er since pursue me.

Enter VALENTINE.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted;
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But like a cloistress, she will veiled walk
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self king!
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers!
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The sea-coast.*

Enter VIOLA, *a* Captain, *and* Sailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drown'd: what think you, sailors?

Cap. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.

Vio. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.

Cap. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,

Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself,
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice,
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.

Vio. For saying so, there's gold:
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?

Cap. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke, in nature as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. Orsino.

Vio. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur,—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of,—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's she?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died: for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company

And sight of men.

Vio. O that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is!

Cap. That were hard to compass;
Because she will admit no kind of suit,
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, captain;
And though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him;
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Olivia's house.*

Enter Sir Toby Belch *and* Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exception to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in; and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Mar. Ay he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to the purpose?

Sir To. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath indeed, almost natural: for besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarreling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in

your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece: I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria: he 's a coward and a coystrill that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top. What, wench! Castiliano vulgo; for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. 42

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bless you, fair shrew.

Mar. And you too, sir.

Sir To. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance. 51

Mar. My name is Mary, sir.

Sir And. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

Sir To. You mistake, knight: 'accost' is front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of 'accost'?

Mar. Fare you well, gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again. 60

Sir And. An you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by the hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you shall have; and here 's my

hand.

Mar. Now, sir, 'thought is free': I pray you, bring your hand to the buttery-bar and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, sweet-heart? what 's your metaphor? 70

Mar. It 's dry, sir.

Sir And. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand dry. But what 's your jest?

Mar. A dry jest, sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

Sir To. O knight, thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has: but I am a great eater of beef and I believe that does harm to my wit. 84

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'ld forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoi, my dear knight?

Sir And. What is 'pourquoi'? do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing and bear-baiting! O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does 't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or if she be, it 's four to one she'll none of me: the count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' the count: she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear 't. Tut, there 's life in 't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' the strangest mind i' the world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickshawses, knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to 't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. What dost thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock. Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus! That 's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir; it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. Ha! higher! ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Duke's Palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, *and* VIOLA *in man's attire.*

Val. If the Duke continue these favours towards you, Cesario, you are like to be much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour or my negligence, that you call in question the continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the count.

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and* Attendants.

Duke. Who saw Cesario, ho? 10

Vio. On your attendance, my lord; here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof. Cesario,
Thou knows't no less but all; I have unclasp'd
To thee the book even of my secret soul.
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait unto her;
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandon'd to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me. 20

Duke. Be clamorous and leap all civil bounds
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

Duke. O, then unfold the passion of my love,
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith.

It shall become thee well to act my woes ;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspect.

Vio. I think not so, my lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it ;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years,
That say thou art a man : Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious ; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound ;
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt
For this affair. Some four or five attend him ;
All, if you will ; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

Vio. I'll do my best
To woo your lady. [*Aside*] Yet, a barful strife !
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Olivia's house.*

Enter MARIA *and* Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been, or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse : my lady will hang thee for thy absence.

Clo. Let her hang me : he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He shall see none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten answer. I can tell thee where that saying was born, of ' I fear no colours.'

Clo. Where, good Mistress Mary ?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out. Well, go thy way; if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. 21

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, an 't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits, that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? 'Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.'

Enter LADY OLIVIA *with* MALVOLIO.

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away. 30

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, you 're a dry fool; I 'll no more of you. Besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the dishonest man mend himself; if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that 's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that

this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away. 43

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, cucullus non facit monachum; that 's as much to say as I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna. 50

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechize you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I 'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul being in heaven. Take away the fool, gentlemen. 62

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and shall do until the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox; but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool. 71

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he 's out of his guard already ; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men, that crow so at these set kind of fools, no better than the fools' zanies.

Oli. O, you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail ; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove. 86

Clo. Now Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speakest well of fools!

Re-enter MARIA.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it ?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay ?

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman. 94

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you ; he speaks nothing but madman: fie on him! [*Exit Maria.*] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home ; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old, and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoke for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be a fool ; whose skull Jove cram with brains!

for,—here he comes,—one of thy kin has a most weak pia mater.

Enter Sir Toby

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here,—a plague o' these pickle-herring!

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, an he will, I care not; give me faith, say I. Well, it 's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool; the second mads him; and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit 'o my coz; for he 's in the third degree of drink, he 's drowned: go look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick; he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep; he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. Has been told so ; and he says, he 'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he 'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he ?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man ?

Mal. Of very ill manner : he 'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he ?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy ; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple : 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and man. He is very well-favoured and he speaks very shrewishly ; one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach : call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls. [*Exit.*

Re-enter MARIA.

Oli. Give me my veil : come, throw it o'er my face. We 'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter VIOLA *and* Attendants.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she ?

Oli. Speak to me I shall answer for her. Your will ?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite and unmatchable beauty, —I pray you, tell me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her : I would be loath to cast away my speech, for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn ; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart: and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house? 166

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am.

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message. 172

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned. I pray you, keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, begone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue. 182

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way.

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady. Tell me your mind; I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture

of war, no taxation of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are a secret; to your ears, divinity, to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt Maria and Attendants.*] Now, sir, what is your text?

Vio. Most sweet lady,—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart.

Oli. O, I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? You are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. Look you, sir, such a one I was this present: is 't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain, sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give

out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as, item, two lips, indifferent red; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me?

Vio. I see you what you are, you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O, such love
Could be but recompensed, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged, free, learn'd, and valiant;
And in dimension and the shape of nature
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Vio. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.

Oli. Why, what would you?

Vio. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Halloo your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out 'Olivia!' O, you should not rest

Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
Oli. You might do much.
What is your parentage.
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me. 260
Vio. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
Oli. 'What is your parentage?'
'Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.' I'll be sworn thou art;
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon: not too fast: soft, soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now! 271
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
What ho, Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. Here, madam, at your service.
Oli. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,

Would I or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for 't: hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be, and be this so! [*Exit.*

ACT II

Scene I. *The sea-coast.*

Enter Antonio *and* Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy. But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to express myself. You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline, whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour; if the heavens

had been pleased, would we have so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her; she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness, and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell. [*Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there.
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A street.*

Enter VIOLA, MALVOLIO *following.*

Mal. Were not you even now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir; on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will have none of him: and one thing more, that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me: I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is, it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see, though art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we!
For such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? my master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my master's love ;
As I am woman,—now alas the day !
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe !
O time ! thou must untangle this, not I ;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie ! [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Olivia's house.*

Enter SIR TOBY *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew : not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes ; and 'diluculo surgere,' thou know'st,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not : but I know, to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion : I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early : so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements ?

Sir And. Faith, so they say ; but I think it rather consists of eating and drinking. 11

Sir To Thou 'rt a scholar ; let us therefore eat and drink Marian, I say ! a stoup of wine !

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts ! did you never see the picture of 'we three' ?

Sir To. Welcome, ass. Now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast. I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the vapians

passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman: hadst it? 24

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There 's a testril of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song, or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song. 35

Sir And. Ay, ay: I care not for good life.

Clo. [*Sings*]

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love 's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further, pretty sweeting; 40
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. [*Sings*]

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What 's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth 's a stuff will not endure. 50

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. An you love me, let 's do 't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. By 'r lady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir And. Most certain. Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Clo. 'Hold thy peace, thou knave,' knight? I shall be constrained in 't to call thee knave, knight.

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins 'Hold thy peace.'

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*Catch sung.*

Enter MARIA.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady 's a Cataian, we are politicians, Malvolio 's a Peg-a-Ramsay, and 'Three merry men be we.' Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally. Lady! [*Sings*] 'There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!'

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight 's in admirable fooling.

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. [*Sings*] 'O, the twelfth day of December,'—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you? 87

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up!

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round with you. My lady bade me tell you, that, though she harbours you as her kinsman, she 's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanours, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. 'Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.'

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. 'His eyes do show his days are almost done.'

Mal. Is 't even so?

Sir To. 'But I will never die.' 100

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go?'

Clo. 'What and if you do?'

Sir To. 'Shall I bid him go, and spare not?'

Clo. 'O no, no, no, no, you dare not.'

Sir To. Out o' time, sir? ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne, and ginger shall be hot i' the mouth too. 111

Sir To. Thou 'rt i' the right. Go, sir, rub your chain

with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prize my lady's favour at any thing more than contempt, you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go shake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man 's a-hungry, to challenge him the field, and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him. 120

Sir To. Do 't knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in bed: I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of a puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I 'ld beat him like a dog!

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight? 133

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for 't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or any thing constantly, but a time-pleaser; an affectioned ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths: the best persuaded of himself, so crammed, as he thinks, with excellencies. that it is his grounds of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do? 143

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the colour of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece: on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have 't in my nose too.

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she 's in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that colour.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable!

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she 's a good wench.

Sir To. She 's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let 's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i' the end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *The Duke's palace.*

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Others.

Duke. Give me some music. Now—good morrow, friends—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night:
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come, but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? 10

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Exit Curio. Music plays.*

Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me.
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? 20

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly:
My life upon 't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is 't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven: let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart:
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter CURIO *and* Clown.

Duke. O, fellow, come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario, it; is old and plain;
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones
Do use to chant it; it is silly sooth,
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old age.

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Aye; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

Clo. Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown:
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O, where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

Duke. There 's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now, the melancholy god protect thee; and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing and their intent every where; for that's it that

always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Let all the rest give place.

[*Curio and Attendants retire.*

Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty :
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands ;
The parts that fortune hath bestow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune ;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

Vio. But if she cannot love you, sir ?

Duke. I cannot so be answer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia : you cannot love her ;
You tell her so ; must she not then be answer'd ?

Duke. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart ; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much ; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite,—
No motion of the liver, but the palate,—
That suffer surfeit, cloyment and revolt ;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much : make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know,—

Duke. What dost thou know ?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe :

In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

Duke. And what 's her history ?

Vio. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek : she pined in thought ;
And with a green and yellow melancholy
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed ?
We men may say more, swear more : but indeed
Our shows are more than will ; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But died thy sister of her love, my boy ?

Vio. I am all the daughters of my father's house,
And all the brothers too : and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady ?

Duke. Ay that 's the theme.
To her in haste ; give her this jewel ; say,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I 'll come : if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame ?

Fab. I would exult, man : you know, he brought me out o' favour with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him we'll have the bear again ; and

we will fool him black and blue: shall we not Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it is pity of our lives.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half hour: observe him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! Lie thou there [*throws down a letter*]; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

Mal. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than any one else that follows her. What should I think on 't?

Sir To. Here 's an overweening rogue!

Fab. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets under his advanced plumes!

Sir And. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

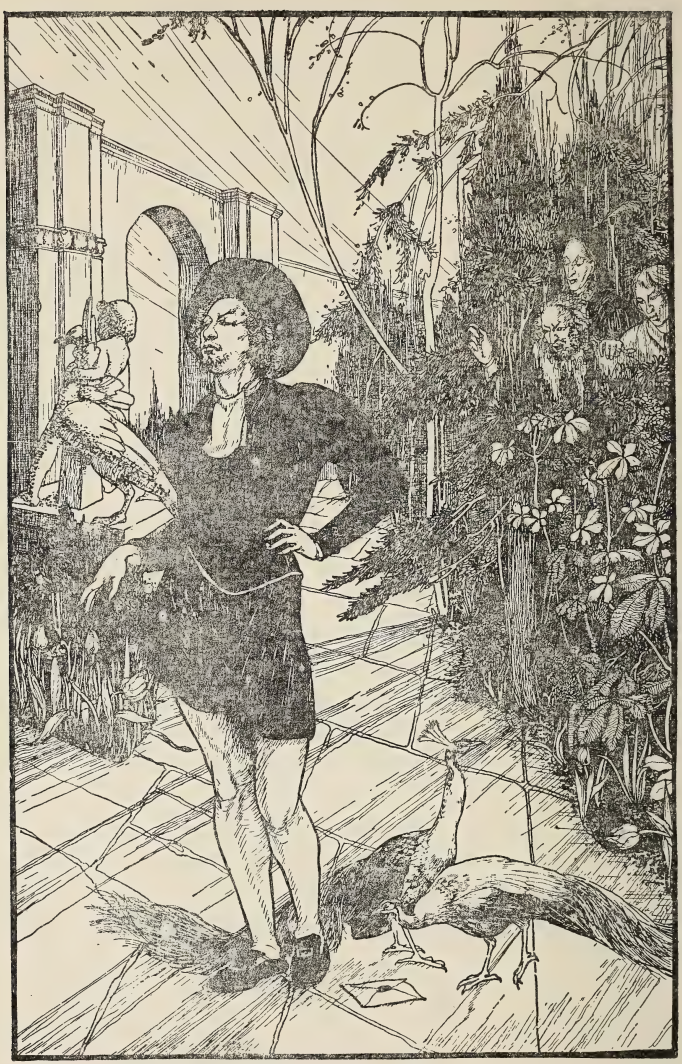
Sir To. Peace, I say.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio!

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Pistol him, pistol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace!



Malvolio. "I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—"

Act II. Scene V.

Mal. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace! now he's deeply in: look how imagination blows him. 41

Mal. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

Sir To. O, for a stone-bow to hit him in the eye!

Mal. Calling my officers about me in my branched velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia sleeping,—

Sir To. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby,— 53

Sir To. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me,—

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace. 62

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, 'Cousin Toby, my fortunes, having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech,'—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. 'You must amend your drunkenness.'

Sir To. Out, scab! 71

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

Mal. 'Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,'—

Sir And. That 's me, I warrant you.

Mal. 'One Sir Andrew,'—

Sir And. I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him. 81

Mal. By my life, this is my lady's hand: these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question, her hand.

Sir And. Her C's, her U's and her T's; why that?

Mal. [*reads*] To the unknown beloved, this, and my good wishes:—her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all. 90

Mal. [*reads*]

Jove knows I love:
But who?
Lips, do not move;
No man must know.

'No man must know.' What follows? the numbers altered! 'No man must know': if this should be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, brock!

Mal. [*reads*] I may command where I adore ;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore !
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.

Fab. A fustian riddle !

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.

Mal. 'M, O, A, I, doth sway my life.' Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. What dish o' poison has she dressed him !

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel checks at it !

Mal. 'I may command where I adore.' Why, she may command me : I serve her ; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity ; there is no obstruction in this : and the end,—what should that alphabetical position portend ? If I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly ! M, O, A, I,—

Sir To. O, ay, make up that : he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M,—Malvolio ; M,—why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I say he would work it out ? the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel ; that suffers under probation : A should follow, but O does.

Fab. And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I 'll cudgel him, and make him cry O !

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. Ay, and you had eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M, O, A, I ; this simulation is not as the former : and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft ! here

follows prose.

[*Reads*] If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon 'em. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity: she thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings, and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter services with thee.

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY.

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me; for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of her liking. I thank my stars I am happy. I will be strange, stout, in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript.

[*Reads*] Thou canst not choose but know who I am.

If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee.

Jove, I thank thee: I will smile; I will do everything that thou wilt have me. [*Exit*

Fab. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device,—

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

Sir To. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip and become thy bond-slave?

Sir And. I' faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream, that when the image of it leaves him he must run mad.

Mar. If you will then see the fruits of the sport, mark his first approach before my lady: he will come to her in yellow stockings, and 'tis a colour she abhors, and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests; and he will smile upon her, which will now be so unsuitable to her disposition, being addicted to a melancholy as she is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will see it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar, thou most excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I 'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter VIOLA, *and* Clown *with a tabor.*

Vio. Save thee, friend, and thy music: dost thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No such matter, sir: I do live by the church; for I do live at my house, and my house doth stand by the church.

Vio. So thou mayest say, the king lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or, the church stands by thy tabor, if thy tabor stand by the church.

Clo. You have said, sir. To see this age! A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would, therefore, my sister had had no name, sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, sir, her name 's a word. But indeed words are very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care

for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool? 29

Clo. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings; the husband 's the bigger: I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun, it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress: I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I 'll no more with thee. Hold, there 's expenses for thee. 41

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one; [*Aside*] though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

Clo. My lady is within, sir. I will construe to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin; I might say 'element,' but the word is over-worn. [*Exit.*

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool; 51
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise man's art:
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY, *and* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir And. Dieu vous garde, monsieur.

Vio. Et vous aussi ; votre serviteur.

Sir. And. I hope, sir, you are ; and I am yours.

Sir To. Will you encounter the house ? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, sir ; I mean, she is the list of my voyage.

Sir To. Taste your legs, sir ; put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

Vio. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odours on you !

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier : ' Rain odours ' ; well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant and vouchsafed ear.

Sir And. ' Odours,' ' pregnant,' and ' vouchsafed ' : I'll get 'em all three all ready.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*] Give me your hand, sir.

Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.

Oli. What is your name ?

Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.

Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
You're servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;
I bade you never speak again of him:
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady,—
Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse
Myself, my servant and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honour at the stake
And baited it with all the unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving
Enough is shown; a cypress, not a bosom,
Hides my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That 's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grize; for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.

O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf! [*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you:
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man;
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid: love's night is noon.
Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.
Vio. By innocence I swear, and by my youth.

I have one heart, one bosom and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone.
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

Oli. Yet come again; for thou perhaps mayest move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Olivia's house.*

Enter SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

Sir To. Thy reason, dear venom, give thy reason.

Fab. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew

Sir And. Marry, I saw your niece do more favours to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' the orchard.

Sir To. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I see you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

Sir And. 'Slight, will you make an ass o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

Fab. She did show favour to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her; and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for

at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it must be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

Sir To. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valour. Challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the license of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where shall I find you?

Sir To. We'll call thee at the cubiculo: go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

Fab. We shall have a rare letter from him: but you'll not deliver 't?

Sir To. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

Fab. And his opposite, the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty. 62

Enter MARIA.

Sir To. Look, where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Mar. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

Sir To. And cross-gartered? 70

Mar. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than is in the new map with the augmentation of the Indies: you have not seen such a thing as 'tis. I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A street.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* ANTONIO.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,

I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filed steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you, though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,
But jealousy what might befall your travel,
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

Seb. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay:
But, were my worth as is my conscience firm,
You should find better dealing. What 's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'ld pardon me;
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight, 'gainst the count his galleys
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answer'd.

Seb. Belike you slew great number of his people.

Ant. The offence is not of such a bloody nature;
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel

Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answer'd in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic 's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsed in this place,
I shall pay dear.

Seb. Do not then walk too open.

Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir, here 's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

Seb. Why I your purse?

Ant. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

Seb. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you
For an hour.

Ant. To the Elephant.

Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt*

SCENE IV. *Olivia's Garden.*

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Oli. I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd
I speak too loud.
Where is Malvolio? he is sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He 's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is, sure, possessed, madam.

Oli. Why, what 's the matter? does he rave? 10

Mar. No, madam, he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you, if he come; for, sure, the man is tainted in 's wits.

Oli. Go call him hither. [*Exit Maria.*] I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Sweet lady, ho, ho.

Oli. Smilest thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion. 19

Mal. Sad, lady? I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, 'Please one, and please all.'

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft? 30

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request! yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. 'Be not afraid of greatness:' 'twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. 'Some are born great,'—

Oli. Ha!

Mal. 'Some achieve greatness,'—

Oli. What sayest thou?

Mal. 'And some have greatness thrust upon them.'

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. 'Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,'—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings!

Mal. 'And wished to see thee cross-gartered.'

Oli. Cross-gartered!

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so;'—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. 'If not, let me see thee a servant still.'

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned: I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

Oli. I 'll come to him. [*Exit Servant.*] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where 's my cousin Toby? Let some of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt Olivia and Maria.*

Mal. O, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. 'Cast thy humble slough,' says she; 'be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;' and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her;

but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And when she went away now, 'Let this fellow be looked to:' fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous or unsafe circumstance,—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked. 77

Re-enter MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils of hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is. How is 't with you, sir? how is 't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I discard you; let me enjoy my private: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does she so? 88

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace; we must deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is 't with you? What, man! defy the devil: consider, he 's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you say?

Mar. La you, an you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart! Pray God, he be not bewitched! My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

Mal. How now, mistress!

Mar. O Lord! 98

Sir To. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock! how dost thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir!

Sir To. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

Mar. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby, get him to pray. 110

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness.

Mal. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element: you shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't possible?

Fab. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To. His very genius has taken the infection of the device, man. 120

Mar. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air and taint.

Fab. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

Mar. The house will be the quieter.

Sir To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he 's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him: at which time we will bring the

device to the bar and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Fab. More matter for a May morning.

Sir And. Here 's the challenge, read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

Fab. Is 't so saucy?

Sir And. Ay, is 't, I warrant him: do but read.

Sir To. Give me. [*reads*] Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow.

Fab. Good, and valiant.

Sir To. [*reads*] Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for 't.

Fab. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of the law.

Sir To. [*reads*] Thou comest to the lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly: but thou liest in thy throat; this is not the matter I challenge thee for.

Fab. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

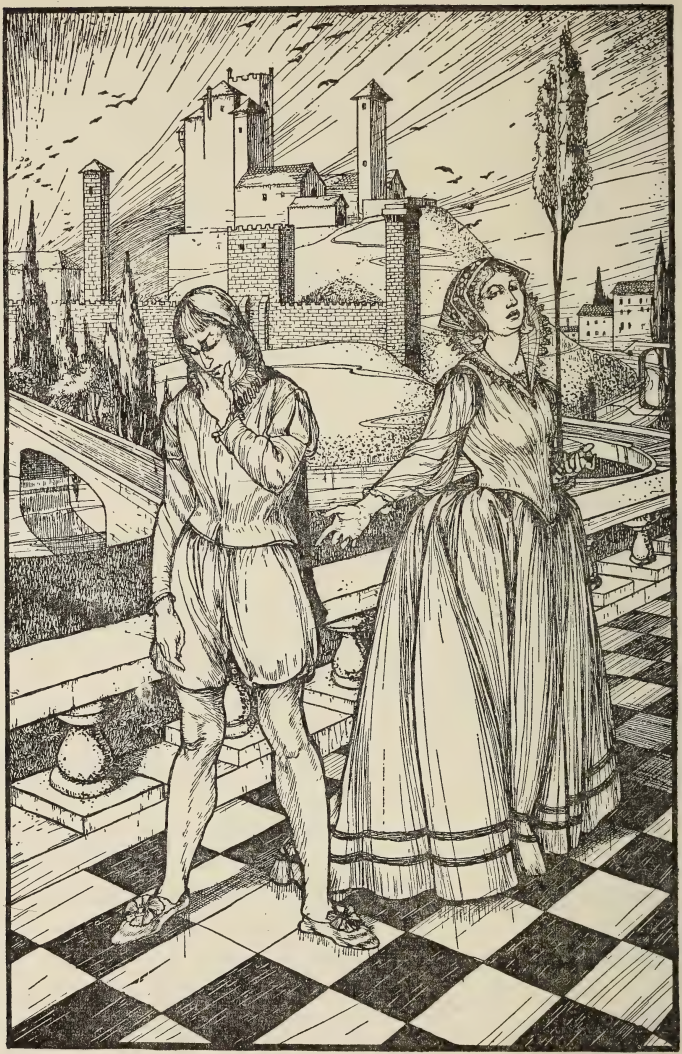
Sir To. [*reads*] I will waylay thee going home; where if it be thy chance to kill me,—

Fab. Good.

Sir To. [*reads*] Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain.

Fab. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good.

Sir To. [*reads*] Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine; but my hope is better, and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give 't him.



Olivia. "I have said too much unto a heart of stone,"
Act III. Scene IV.

Mar. You may have very fit occasion for 't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.* 169

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter: for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman, as I know his youth will aptly receive it, into a most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury and impetuosity. This will so fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

Re-enter OLIVIA, *with* VIOLA.

Fab. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently after him. 183

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Oli. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out:
There 's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is,

That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the same 'haviour that your passion bears
Goes on my master's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not; it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I 'll deny,
That honour saved may upon asking give?

Vio. Nothing but this;—your true love for my master.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow; fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell.

Re-enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

Sir To. Gentleman, God save thee.

Vio. And you, sir.

Sir To. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end: dismount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful and deadly.

Vio. You mistake, sir; I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You 'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill and wrath can furnish man withal.

Vio. I pray you, sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three; and his incensement at this moment is so implacable, that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word; give 't or take 't.

Vio. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct of the lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others, to taste their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore, get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that 's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose.

Sir To. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

Vio. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the knight is incensed against you, even to a mortal arbitrement; but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valour. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody

and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can.

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight: I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY, *with* SIR ANDREW.

Sir To. Why, man, he 's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck in with such a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought that he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I 'ld have seen him damned ere I 'ld have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion: stand here, make a good show on 't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. [*Aside*] Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as, I ride you.

Re-enter FABIAN *and* VIOLA.

[*To Fab.*] I have his horse to take up the quarrel: I have persuaded him the youth 's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. [*To Vio.*] There 's no remedy, sir; he will fight

with you for's oath sake: marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw, for the supportance of his vow; he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. [*aside*] Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will, for his honour's sake, have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God, he keep his oath!

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*They draw.*

Enter ANTONIO.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*They draw.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word: he will bear you easily and reins well.

First Off. This is the man; do thy office.

Sec. Off. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit of Count Orsino.

Ant. You do mistake me, sir.

First Off. No, sir, no jot; I know your favour well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I must obey. [*To Vio.*] This comes with seeking you:
But there 's no remedy; I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed,
But be of comfort.

Sec. Off. Come, sir, away.

Ant. I must entreat of you some money.

Vio. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have show'd me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I 'll lend you something: my having is not much;
I 'll make division of my present with you:
Hold, there 's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is 't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. O heavens themselves!

Sec. Off. Come, sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.

First Off. What 's that to us? The time goes by: away!

Ant. But O how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there 's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous-evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourish'd by the devil.

First Off. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from such passion fly,
That he believes himself: so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O prove true,
That I, dear brother, be not ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we 'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.

Vio. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this fashion, colour, ornament,
For him I imitate: O, if it prove,

Tempests are kind and salt waves fresh in love! [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare: his dishonesty appears in leaving his friend here in necessity and denying him; and for his cowardship ask Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I 'll after him again and beat him.

Sir To. Do; cuff him soundly but never draw thy sword.

Sir And. An I do not,— [*Exit.*

Fab. Come, let 's see the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before Olivia's house.*

Enter SEBASTIAN *and* Clown.

Clo. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to, thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady, to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

Seb. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

Clo. Vent my folly! he has heard that word of some great man and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell

me what I shall vent to my lady: shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There 's money for thee: if you tarry longer,
I shall give worse payment.

Clo. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report—after fourteen years' purchase. 22

Enter SIR ANDREW, SIR TOBY, *and* FABIAN.

Sir And. Now, sir, have I met you again? there 's for you.

Seb. Why, there 's for thee, and there, and there.
Are all the people mad?

Sir To. Hold, sir, or I 'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

Clo. This will I tell my lady straight: I would not be in some of your coats for two pence. [*Exit.* 30

Sir To. Come on, sir; hold.

Sir And. Nay, let him alone: I 'll go another way to work with him; I 'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria: though I struck him first, yet it 's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, sir, I will not let you go. Come, my young soldier, put up your iron: you are well fleshed; come on. 39

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldst thou now? If thou darest tempt me further, draw thy sword.

Sir To. What, what? Nay, then I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you.

Enter OLIVIA

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold!

Sir To. Madam!

Oli. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd! out of my sight!
Be not offended, dear Cesario.
Rudesby, be gone!

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.

I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house;
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this: thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me,
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream:
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

Oli. Nay, come, I prithee: would thou 'ldst be ruled by me!

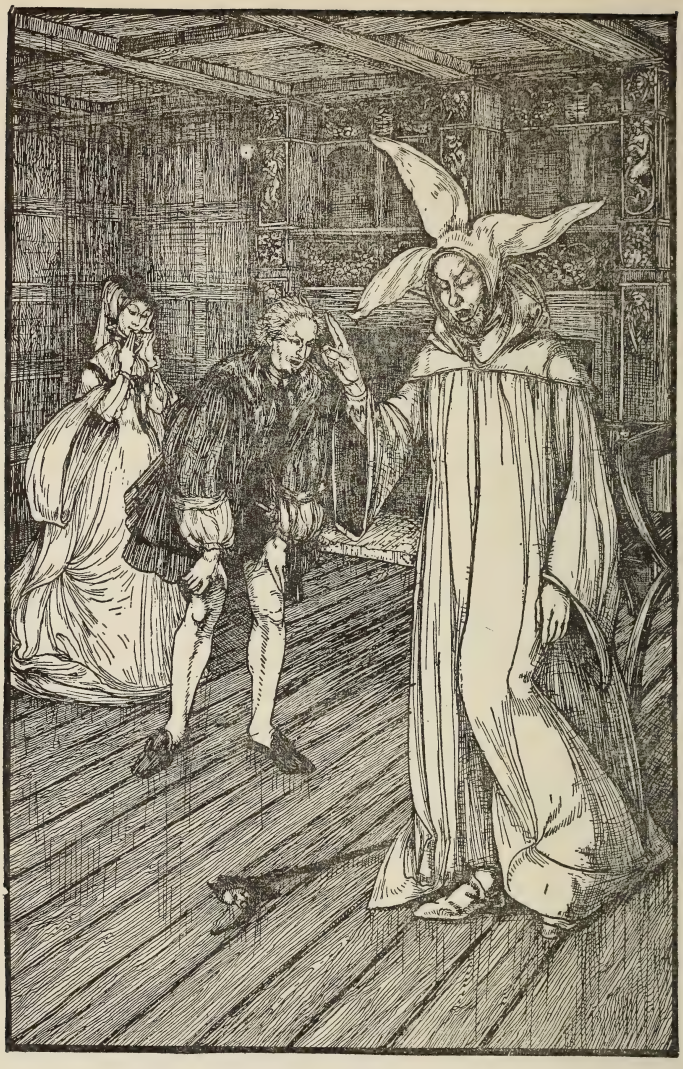
Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, say so, and so be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Olivia's house.*

Enter MARIA *and* CLOWN.

Mar. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*



Clown. "What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!"
Act IV. Scene II.

Clo. Well, I 'll put it on, and I will dissemble myself in 't; and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors enter.

Enter SIR TOBY, *and* MARIA.

Sir To. Jove bless thee, master Parson.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, 'That that is is;' so I, being master Parson, am master Parson; for, what is 'that' but 'that,' and 'is' but 'is'?

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, ho, I say! peace in this prison!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave.

Mal. [*within*] Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio the lunatic.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

Sir To. Well said, master Parson.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged: good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

Clo. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy: sayest

thou that house is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it has bay windows transparent as barricadoes, and the clearstories toward the south north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas: I say to you, this house is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou errest: I say there is no darkness but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I say, this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say, there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant question.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

Mal. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well. Remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold the opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me

word how thou findest him: I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece, that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt Sir Toby and Maria.*

Clo. [*Singing*] Hey, Robin, jolly Robin, 71
Tell me how thy lady does.

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. My lady is unkind, perdy,

Mal. Fool,—

Clo. Alas, why is she so?

Mal. Fool, I say,—

Clo. She loves another—who calls, ha? 82

Mal. Good fool as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink and paper: as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for 't.

Clo. Master Malvolio?

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses, and do all they can to face me out of my wits. 91

Clo. Advise you what you say; the minister is here. Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble.

Mal. Sir Topas,—

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. Who,

I, sir? not I, sir. God buy you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will.

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say,—

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee, I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper and light; and convey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to 't. But tell me true, are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not; I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I 'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink.

Mal. Fool, I 'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo. [*Singing*] I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I 'll be with you again.
In a trice,
Like to the old vice,
Your need to sustain;
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.

SCENE III. *Olivia's garden.*

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me, I do feel 't and see 't;
And though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where 's Antonio, then?
I could not find him at the Elephant:
Yet there he was; and there I found this credit,
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For though my soul disputes well with my sense,
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance, all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason, that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady 's mad; yet if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet and stable bearing
As I perceive she does: there's something in 't
That is deceivable. But here the lady comes.

Enter OLIVIA *and* Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it

Whiles you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?
Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having sworn truth, ever will be true.
Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before Olivia's house.*

Enter Clown *and* FABIAN.

Fab. Now, as thou lovest me, let me see his letter.
Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.
Fab. Any thing.
Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.
Fab. This is, to give a dog, and in recompense desire my dog again.

Enter DUKE, VIOLA, CURIO, *and* Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?
Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.
Duke. I know thee well, how dost thou, my good fellow?
Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.
Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.
Clo. No, sir, the worse.
Duke. How can that be?
Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that

by my foes, sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself; and by my friends I am abused: so that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double-dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give ill counsel.

Clo. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be so much a sinner, to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, secundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old saying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness: but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap, I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

Vio. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* Officers.

Duke. That face of his I do remember well;
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmear'd
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war:
A bawbling vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and bulk unprizable;
With which such scathful grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honour on him. What 's the matter?

First Off. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg:
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

Vio. He did me kindness, sir, drew on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

Duke. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies,
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

Ant. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither:
That most ingrateful boy there, by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wreck past hope he was:
His life I gave him and did thereto add

My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town;
Drew to defend him when he was beset:
Where being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,
And grew a twenty-years-removed thing
While one would wink; denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.

Vio. How can this be?

Duke. When came he to this town?

Ant. To-day, my lord; and for three months before,
No interim, not a minute's vacancy,
Both day and night did we keep company.

Enter Olivia *and* Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth.
But for thee, fellow,—fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon. Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam!

Duke. Gracious Olivia,—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord,—

Vio. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.

Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,

It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.

Duke. Still so cruel?

Oli. Still so constant, lord.

Duke. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st offerings hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?

Oli. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.

Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love?—a savage jealousy
That sometimes savours nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.

Vio. And I most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.

Oli. Where goes Cesario?

Vio. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above

Punish my life for tainting of my love!

Oli. Ay me, detested! how am I beguiled!

Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?

Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.

Duke. Come, away!

Oli. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.

Duke. Husband!

Oli. Ay, husband: can he that deny?

Duke. Her husband, sirrah!

Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.

Enter Priest.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold, though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe, what thou dost know
Hath newly pass'd between this youth and me.

Priest. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow,
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My lord, I do protest,—

Oli. O, do not swear!
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

Sir And. For the love of God, a surgeon! Send one presently to Sir Toby. 171

Oli. What 's the matter?

Sir And. He has broke my head across and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he 's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Cesario?

Sir And. 'Od's lifelings, here he is! You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was set on to do 't by Sir Toby. 182

Vio. Why do you speak to me? I never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Enter SIR TOBY *and* Clown,

Here comes Sir Toby halting; you shall hear more:

but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman! how is 't with you?

Sir To. That 's all one: he has hurt me, and there 's the end on 't. Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

Clo. O, he 's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone; his eyes were set at eight i' the morning.

Sir To. Then he 's a rogue, and a passy measures pavin: I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

Sir To. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced knave, a gull!

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, *and* Sir Andrew.

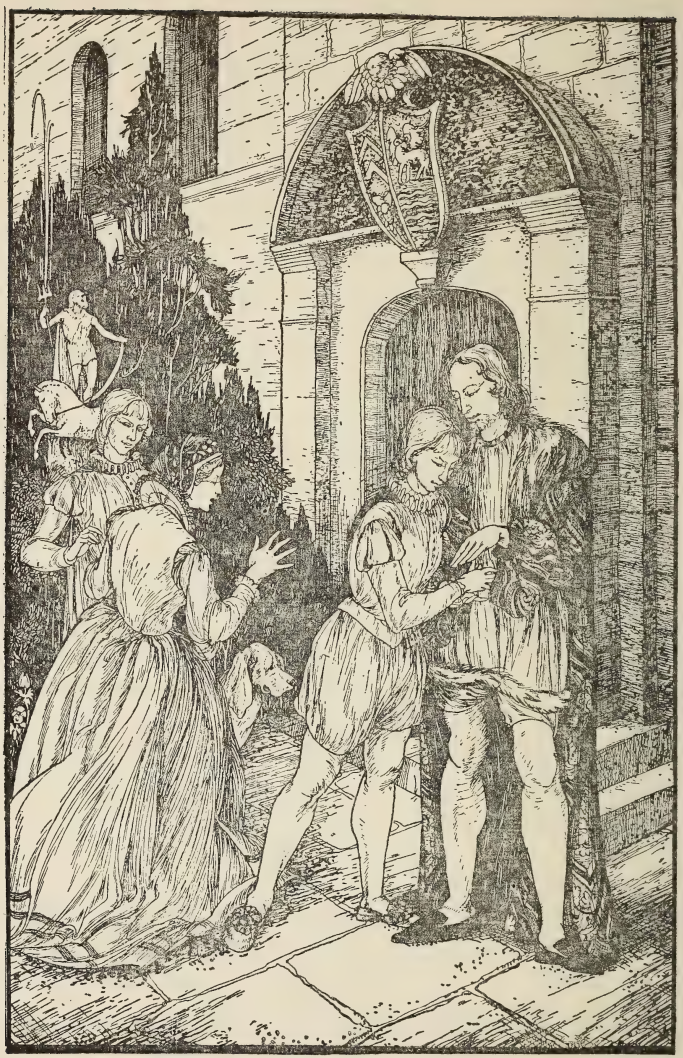
Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you:
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons,
A natural perspective, that is and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortured me,
Since I have lost thee!

Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devour'd.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited to his watery tomb:
If spirits can assume both form and suit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which all my life I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say 'Thrice-welcome, drowned Viola!'
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my soul!
He finished indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurp'd attire,



Duke. "Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds."

Act V. Scene I.

Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds; by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.

Seb. [*To Olivia*] So comes it lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wreck.
[*To Viola*] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love woman like to me.

Vio. And all those sayings will I over-swear;
And all those swearings keep as true in soul
As doth that orbed continent the fire
That severs day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon some action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman, and follower of my lady's.

Oli. He shall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither:
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he 's much distract.

Re-enter Clown *with a letter, and* Fabian.

A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.
How does he, sirrah?

Clo. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you; I should have given 't you to-day morning, but as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills not much when they are delivered.

Oli. Open 't and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edified when the fool delivers the madman. [*Reads*] By the Lord, madam,—

Oli. How now! art thou mad?

Clo. No, madam, I do but read madness; an your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow vox.

Oli. Prithee, read i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, sirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. [*Reads*] By the lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right, or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.

The madly-used Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, madam.

Duke. This savours not much of distraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian; bring him hither.

[*Exit Fabian.*

My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown the alliance on 't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my proper cost.

Duke. Madam, I am most apt to embrace your offer.
[*To Viola*] Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you call'd me master for so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.

Oli. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my lord, this same.
How now, Malvolio!

Mal. Madam you have done me wrong,
Notorious wrong.

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no.

Mal. Lady, you have. Pray you, peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase;
Or say 'tis not your seal, not your invention:
You can say none of this: well, grant it then
And tell me in the modesty of honour,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favour,
Bade me come smiling and cross-garter'd to you,

To put on yellow stockings and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffer'd me to be imprison'd,
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck and gull
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character:
But out of question 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; then camest in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice hath most shrewdly pass'd upon thee;
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wonder'd at. In hope it shall not,
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him: Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompense whereof he hath married her.
How with a sportful malice it was follow'd
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge;
If that the injuries be justly weigh'd
That have on both sides pass'd.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why 'some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.' I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that 's all one. 'By the Lord, fool, I am not mad.' But do you remember? 'Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? and you smile not, he 's gagged:' and thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet:
When that is known, and golden time convents,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet sister,
We will not part from hence. Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress and his fancy's queen.

[*Exeunt all, except Clown.*

Clo. [*Sings*]

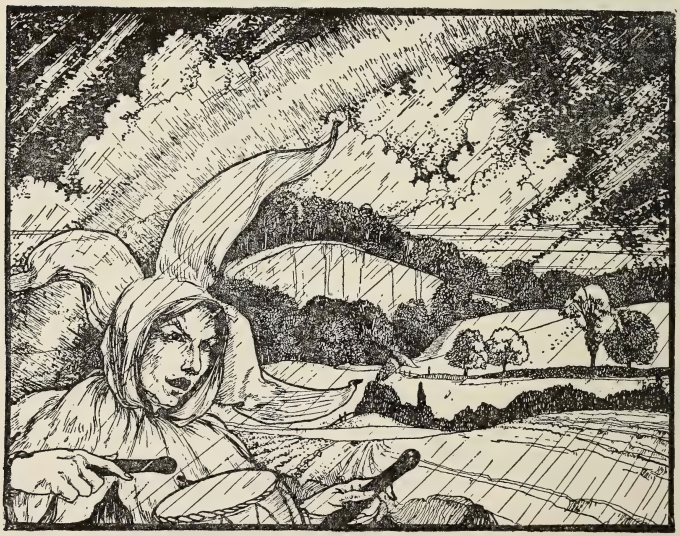
When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, etc.,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, etc.,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, etc.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, etc.,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain, etc.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, etc.,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*



NOTES

NOTES

Act I.—Scene I.

The first scene of *Twelfth Night* forms an appropriate introduction to the play. It presents, in brief, one of the important situations in the play, the love of the Duke for Olivia, and her refusal to entertain his suit,—out of which further complications are sure to develop. Short as the scene is, it is poetic and fanciful, and the introduction of music and the display of costume help to give the scene an additional charm.

1. **the food of love.** He means to say that music feeds, or increases, love.

3. **The appetite.** The appetite for music. He does not wish the music to cease until it has fed his love to the utmost.

4. **a dying fall.** It died away at the close.

5. **sound.** The sound of the wind, that breathes, etc. Shakespeare may have written *south*, that is, the south wind, and not *sound*.

9. **quick.** Full of life.

10-1. **thy capacity receiveth as the sea.** There is no limit to the things that love is ready to enjoy.

12. **validity.** Value.

pitch. High quality. The word is used in falconry with reference to the height to which the falcon soars.

13. **abatement.** Decline or decrease in value.

14. **fancy.** Love.

15. That it only is able to fill the mind with imaginary shapes.

9-14. The Duke is commenting on the fact that although only a moment before, he had been eager for music, yet now it has lost its charm for him. He says in effect: Love is so fresh and full of life that although it is eager for new things, yet there is nothing so rich and full of beauty (as music, for instance) that it does not in a short time seem poor and of little worth in the eyes of love, whose fancies are always changing.

20. It seemed to me that her sweetness made the very air clear and pure.

21-3. There is an allusion to the story of Acteon who because he dared to look upon the goddess Diana, was turned into a deer and was pursued and torn to pieces by his own hounds.

26. **The element.** The sky.

heat. Till the heat of seven years shall have passed.

27. **at ample view.** Exposed to full view.

28. **cloistress.** Nun.

29-30. Shed smarting tears as she walks around her room.

30. **season.** Preserve, as with brine.

35. **shaft.** Of love.

37. **liver, brain, and heart.** The liver was supposed to be the seat, or "throne", of the affections or passions; the brain, of judgment, and the heart, of the sentiments.

38. **sovereign thrones.** Where the passions, judgment and affections rule supreme.

38-9. **and fill'd . . . king.** When her love for her husband takes full possession of her whole being, with all its perfect qualities.

41. **lie rich.** Rich surroundings are suitable for the lover's dreams.

Scene II.

Scene II. introduces Viola, who is one of the most important characters in the play. She and her brother Sebastian have been shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria, but she does not know whether Sebastian has been saved or not. She learns that Illyria is governed by the Duke Orsino, of whom she had heard her father speak; and she is informed also of the Duke's suit to Olivia, who has "abjured the company and sight of men". Thereupon she conceives the idea of disguising herself as a page in order that she may enter the service of the Duke. She tells us that she "can sing, and speak to him in many sorts of music", and she vaguely suggests the possibility of herself engaging the affections of the Duke,—as she eventually does.

2. **Illyria.** A country bordering on the Adriatic Sea.

4. **Elysium.** Heaven.

6. **perchance.** Through a mere chance.

11. **driving.** Drifting.

12. **provident in peril.** With great foresight in the midst of danger.

13. **teaching him the practice.** Teaching him how to do so.

14. **lived.** Did not sink.

15. In Greek myth Arion was a famous musician. Once while returning from Sicily to Greece the sailors planned to rob him and throw him overboard. But when he sang and played, the creatures of the sea gathered around the ship to listen, and when he plunged into the sea, a dolphin carried him on its back to the shore.

16. **hold acquaintance with.** Befriended by.

19-21. My own escape makes me hope that he will have a similar escape,—and your speech encourages me to think so.

32. **fresh in murmur.** It had recently been whispered about.

42-4. That my state (who I am and what my rank is) might not be made known until I could provide an opportunity under the right conditions. "What my estate is" is subject of "might be delivered".

44. **compass.** Bring about.

48. **though that.** Although.

a beauteous wall. A beautiful exterior.

54-5. **such disguise . . . intent.** A disguise that will perhaps provide an outward appearance, or form, that is in keeping with my purposes.

56. **eunuch.** Attendant, a man-servant in Eastern countries.

59. **Allow me very worth.** Cause me to be considered very worthy of.

61. Fall in with my scheme, by not telling of it.

62. **mute.** Mutes, or dumb servants, were employed by the Turks where secrecy was required.

Scene III.

The chief purpose of this scene is to introduce Sir Toby Belch, the uncle of Olivia, and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, a foolish knight whom Sir Toby has brought to be her suitor. Both Sir Toby and Sir Andrew have been drinking and are in a boisterous mood; and the humour of the scene lies largely in the foolish speech and actions of Sir Andrew. The scene ends with a ridiculous attempt of the half-drunken knight to give an exhibition of his ability to "cut a caper",—a farcical performance which Sir Toby is not too drunk to enjoy.

7. **except before excepted.** This is a legal phrase which as used here has no meaning. The drunken Sir Toby seizes upon the opportunity to play upon words, even though his puns have no point.

9. **modest.** Moderate.

10. **confine myself no finer.** Confine myself in no finer clothes. Sir Toby deliberately distorts the meaning of "confine".

20. **tall.** Here, brave.

22. **ducat.** A coin used in the Middle Ages, probably so called because first issued by a "duke".

23. That is, he is such a spendthrift that he will not have these ducats more than a year.

25-6. **viol-de-gamboys.** The bass-viol, called a "viol-de-gamboys" because it was held upon or between the legs. (Fr. *jambe*, the leg.)

28. **almost natural.** Almost like an idiot, (a "natural"). It has been suggested that this is a misprint for "all, most natural"; that is, all, most like an idiot.

30. **gust.** Taste.

39. **coystrill.** A knave. The original meaning is a groom, one who attends to the horses.

40. **turn o' the toe.** Spin; are in a whirl.

41. **parish top.** A large top was formerly kept in every parish, so that the peasants might exercise themselves and keep warm in cold weather.

Castiliano vulgo. A meaningless exclamation.

45. **shrew.** A sharp-tongued woman.

47. **Accost.** Make up to ; address.

49. **chambermaid.** Really, an attendant, a lady in waiting.

55. **board her.** Address her ; make advances to her.

59. **let part.** Let her depart.

67. **thought is free.** And I am free to think you a fool.

68. **the buttery bar.** The buttery is the room where liquors are stored ; the bar is the ledge over which liquor is served out and on which the tankards rest.

71. **dry.** A dry hand was considered the sign of physical weakness.

74. **a dry jest.** A stupid jest.

88. **Pourquoi.** Why.

90. **tongues.** Evidently "tongues" and "tongs" were pronounced alike. Sir Toby in the next speech interprets it as "tongs" for curling the hair.

104. **there's life in't.** And "while there's life there's hope".

108. **kickshawses.** Trifles. The word is a corruption of the Fr. *quelque chose.*

110. **under . . . betters.** Unless he be of a higher rank than I.

111. **an old man.** Who is wiser and more expert. Perhaps he is referring to Sir Toby, who is older than he.

112. **galliard.** A lively dance.

113. **cut a caper.** Frisk and leap. In Sir Toby's speech there is a play on the word "caper" the name of the sauce used with mutton.

115. **back-trick.** The ability to caper, or leap, backwards in dancing.

119. **Mistress Mall's picture.** It is doubtful whether any definite person is referred to. Mall was a common name in the literature of Shakespeare's time.

121. **coranto.** A lively dance.

124. **under the star of a galliard.** Under a star that was favourable for dancing.

126. **stock.** Stocking.

128. **Taurus.** The constellation Taurus was supposed to control the neck and throat,—so that both Sir Andrew and Sir Toby are wrong.

Scene IV.

Scene IV. shows that Viola has already carried out her plan to enter the service of the Duke. She has at once fallen in love with him, and he, not guessing her disguise, has given her the unwelcome task of urging his suit with Olivia. A situation has thus developed which is full of dramatic possibilities.

4. **humour.** Whims, changing moods.

13. **but.** Than.

15. **address thy gait.** Turn your steps.

16. **access.** Admittance.

21. **leap all civil bounds.** Go beyond the bounds of civility.

28. **nuncio's.** Messenger's.

30-1. To say that you are a man is not in keeping with the fact that you are happily still very young.

31. **Diana.** Diana was the virgin goddess, the type of pure maidenhood.

32. **rubious.** Red, like a ruby.

small pipe. Clear treble voice.

33. **sound.** Uncracked.

34. **is semblative a woman's part.** Suited to one who takes a woman's part on the stage. In Shakespeare's time women's parts were acted by boys whose voices had not yet broken.

35. The stars under which you were born have given you a disposition that fits you for an undertaking such as this.

39-40. You shall be as free to enjoy your master's fortunes as he himself is.

41. **barful.** Full of obstacles.

42. **his wife.** The Duke's wife.

Scene V.

After the Duke sends Viola (at the close of Scene IV.) as a messenger to Olivia, an interval must be provided to permit her to present herself at Olivia's house. This interval is given over to pure comedy, to which Maria and the clown, Sir Toby, and Malvolio, all in different ways contribute. The entrance of Viola, however, provides a new element of interest. Viola has a difficult part to play,—to plead with Olivia in behalf of the Duke, with whom she herself is in love; and she plays it so well, with such spirit and such fervour, that the capricious Olivia falls in love with "the man" instead of with "the master". Viola, whose character and fortunes have from the outset aroused our interest, has thus become the central figure in the play.

5. **fear no colours.** Fear nothing. "Colours" is used in the double sense of "military flags" used in the wars (l. 10), and "collars", that is, the hangman's noose.

8. **lenten.** Scanty, meagre, like food in Lent.

13-4. The clown has purposely twisted the saying, "God give them wisdom that are fools; and those that are wise, let them use their talents".

19. **for turning . . . . it out.** This means either, "If I am dismissed, I will enjoy the summer and that will make up for it, and enable me to "bear it out"; or "as for my being turned away, let us see whether the summer will prove your prophecy true (bear it out)."

20-1. He is hinting that Maria would make a good wife for Sir Toby.

27. **Quinapalus.** A name invented by the clown.

32. **dry.** Dull.

38. **botcher.** Mender of old clothes.

39. **patched.** To be "patched" was to be a fool, who wore garments patched in different colours.

41. **syllogism.** Reasoning. The syllogism is the regular logical form of reasoning.

so. Well and good.

45. **misprision.** Misapprehension, mistake.

45-6. **cucullus non facit monachum.** "The cowl does not make the monk." Though I wear the motley garments of a clown I may not be one.

46-7. **I wear . . . brain.** I have not the brains (mind) of a fool.

50. **dexteriously.** Dexterously.

53. **mouse of virtue.** Dear good lady. "Mouse" was formerly used as a term of endearment.

54-55. **bide your proof.** Let you put me to the test.

64. **mend.** Improve.

74. **barren.** Lacking in wit.

75. **ordinary.** One who was not a professional clown.

76. **out of his guard.** Off his guard, with no answer ready.

77. **minister occasion.** Provide the opportunities for him.

79. **zanies.** A zany is a buffoon who raises a laugh by clumsily imitating the real clown.

80-1. **taste . . . . appetite.** Judge others with a disordered unhealthy mind.

82. **free.** Innocent.

82-3. **bird-bolts.** Blunted arrows used for shooting at birds.

84. **allowed.** Licensed, privileged.

87. May Mercury, the patron of falsehood, give you the gift of lying. The clown suggests that any one who undertakes to speak well of fools will have to tell many lies.

96. **madman.** Like a madman.

99. **old.** Stale, tiresome.

102-3. **pia mater.** Brain; strictly speaking, the inner membrane that surrounds the brain.

109. **pickle-herring.** Sir Toby blames his drunken hiccough on the pickled herring which he has eaten.

112. There is, of course, no sense to Sir Toby's drunken speech.

115. **above heat.** Beyond what warms him.

116. **drowns.** Overcomes. A play on the word.

117. **crowner.** Coroner.

131. **a sheriff's post.** Posts, often elaborately carved, were set up in front of the houses of sheriffs and mayors to distinguish them from others.

supporter to a bench. Like the leg of a bench.

138. **personage.** Personal appearance.

140. **squash.** Unripe pea-pod.

codling. A hard green apple.

141-2. **in standing water.** Between the ebb and flow of the tide.

142-3. He is pretty and he speaks very pertly.

156. **comptible . . . . usage.** Sensitive to being treated unkindly.

161. **modest.** Slight, moderate.

163. **a comedian.** Since you have a set speech which you have learned by heart.

164. **my profound heart.** My wise lady.

165. **fangs of malice.** The bitterest malice.

167. Unless I am laying claim to be other than I really am, I am the lady of the house.

168-9. If you are she, then you wrongfully lay claim to yourself; for since you could bestow yourself on the Duke you rightfully belong to him.

170. **from my commission.** This has nothing to do with the message I was entrusted with.

181-2. I am not crazy enough to take part in so foolish a dialogue.

184. **swabber.** Deckhand, one who swabs or mops the decks

hull. Loiter, float in the harbour.

185. Do something to soothe the temper of your giant. Maria was short of stature and Viola is making fun of her.

186. The meaning of this line is obscure.

188. **your office.** Your message as the duke's envoy.

190. **taxation of.** Demand for.

195. **entertainment.** The way I was received by Sir Toby and Malvolio.

196-7. **to your . . . profanation.** To your ears something altogether admirable; to any other person's, wholly inappropriate.

201. **comfortable.** Comforting.

205. **by the method.** In theological terms.

212. **this present.** During all this time.

215. **in grain.** Durable. "Grain", meaning a seed or kernel, was formerly applied to a small insect of seed-like shape, from which cochineal dyes were made.

220. **copy.** Viola means that Olivia should marry and have children resembling her. Olivia pretends not to understand, and takes "copy" to mean a schedule or inventory of her features.

223. **to my will.** Attached like a label to my will so that people may read it after I am dead.

229-31. Even if you were unrivalled in beauty it would be only a fair recompense for his love.

232. **fertile.** Copious.

237. **in voices well divulged.** Well spoken of by the public.

238. **dimension.** Body.

242. **deadly life.** Such as to make his life miserable.

245. **willow.** The emblem of sorrow.

246. **my soul.** You, the object of my love.

247. Even though my love were rejected (contemned) I would write love songs (cantons) telling of my loyalty to you.

249. **reverberate.** Echoing.

255. **state.** Rank, social position.

261. **fee'd post.** Paid messenger.

263. May the god of love make the man whom you shall love hard-hearted.

270. **blazon.** The five qualities mentioned by Olivia (l. 269) are like five emblems displayed (emblazoned) on a coat-of-arms.

271. **Unless . . . man.** Unless the master could change places with the man.

277. peevish. In Shakespeare's time the word commonly meant "foolish".

278. county's. Count's.

280. flatter with. Encourage.

285-6. fear . . . mind. I fear that my eyes have given me such an agreeable impression of Cesario that my mind cannot withstand it.

287. owe. Own.

Analysis of Act I.

The main plot of *Twelfth Night* has to do with the story of the Duke and Olivia in their relations to Viola and Sebastian. The secondary incidents or episodes in the play grow out of the practical jokes played by Maria and Sir Toby on Sir Andrew Aguecheek and on Malvolio. In Act I. the foundation of the main plot is laid. The Duke declares his love for Olivia; Cesario is employed to urge his suit; and Olivia falls in love with the Duke's messenger instead of with the Duke himself. The secondary characters of the play, Maria, Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Malvolio, all connected with the household of Olivia, appear in Act I.; and before the conclusion of the Act the audience has an opportunity to become acquainted with their chief characteristics. Act I. thus serves as an introduction to the play as a whole, and lays the foundation out of which the later "complications" in the play are developed.

Questions on Act I.

1. Olivia is reported as having vowed that she would not show her face "at ample view" for seven years. What was the occasion of this vow? Under what circumstances did she break it?

2. Viola has been accused of indelicacy, and of unfairness towards Olivia, in determining to win the Duke's heart before she had seen him. Discuss this point.

3. (*a*) What merits, according to Sir Toby, has Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

(*b*) What merits does he (Sir Andrew) himself claim to possess?

(*c*) Maria calls him a fool. Why?

4. What reasons does the Duke give for sending Cesario to urge his suit with Olivia?

5. What is Olivia's opinion of (*a*) Sir Toby, (*b*) the clown, (c) Malvolio?

6. Why does Olivia consent to see Cesario? And why does she listen to Cesario's message?

7. (*a*) Is the Duke really in love with Olivia?

(*b*) Does Cesario urge the Duke's suit as he ought?

8. How does Olivia show, even in the presence of Cesario, that she has fallen in love with him?

9. (*a*) Why does Olivia at first apparently try to check her feelings of love for Cesario?

(*b*) How does she betray her feelings in her speech to Malvolio after the departure of Viola?

10. (*a*) Point out any instance of dramatic irony in Scene V.

(*b*) "Love make his heart of flint that you shall love;
And let your fervour, like my master's, be
Plac'd in contempt."

Comment on the dramatic significance of these lines.

Act II.—Scene I.

This scene is similar to the previous one (Act I., Scene 2) in which Viola holds conversation with the sea captain who rescued her. In this scene the audience are told that Sebastian and Viola are twins closely resembling one another, and as Sebastian is "bound to the Count Orsino's court" it is evident that complications are likely to ensue through Sebastian and "Cesario" being mistaken for each other.

3-5. My stars. . . . yours. A reference to the old belief that the fortunes of men were influenced by the stars under which they were born and under which they lived. When stars were unpropitious, or unfavourable, their influence was said to be "malignant".

distemper. Disorder.

9-10. my determinate . . . extravagancy. I have no fixed destination; I am a mere vagrant. "Extravagancy" is used

in its literal sense of vagrancy.

12-3. **it charges . . . myself.** Because you are so modest as not to urge me to talk about my own affairs, I am all the more bound, as a matter of courtesy, to tell you about myself.

15. **Messaline.** A fictitious name.

18. **so ended.** Have died also at the same time.

19. **breach.** The breaking waves.

24. **with such estimable wonder.** With such a high degree of admiration (wonder).

25. **publish.** Proclaim.

26. **envy.** Malice.

29. **your bad entertainment.** That I have made such poor provision for your wants.

31. **murder me.** This is perhaps an allusion to the superstition that the person you save from drowning will do you an injury. But Antonio may simply mean that it would kill him to have Sebastian forsake him.

34. **kill him.** With your kindness.

35. **kindness.** Affection.

SCENE II.

The sending of the ring to Viola proves to her what she must already have suspected, that Olivia is hopelessly in love with her, and it also gives her a further opportunity of confessing her love for the duke. At the same time, too, it gives the audience a further glimpse of Malvolio. Viola describes him as a "churlish messenger"; but in his treatment of her he does much to justify Maria's description of him later in the play as an "affectioned ass".

7. **desperate assurance.** Assure him that there is no hope.

10. **she took the ring.** Viola knows that this is only a trick on the part of Olivia, but she does not wish to let Malvolio know.

17. **her eyes . . . tongue.** She was so absorbed in looking at me that she talked only by starts.

19-20. **the cunning . . . messenger.** She is artful, as people in love usually are, and she sends me an invitation by means

of this rude fellow (Malvolio).

25. **pregnant enemy.** Satan who is full of devices.

26. **proper false.** Good-looking deceivers.

27. **set their forms.** Make an impression.

30. **fadge.** Turn out.

31. **monster.** Neither man nor woman.
fond. Dote.

Scene III.

In the first half of Scene III. the audience is entertained by the half-drunken foolery of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, with the clown; and this part of the scene contains also one of the most delightful songs in Shakespeare. Their boisterous merriment rouses Maria, and shortly afterwards Malvolio, who roundly rebukes them all, including Maria. When he is gone, Maria after describing Malvolio as "a time-pleaser" and "an affectioned ass", tells the others of her plan to make a fool of him by means of a letter purporting to be from Olivia and suggesting that she (Olivia) is in love with him. The scene in itself, aside from the clown's song and Maria's famous characterization of Malvolio, contains little that is striking; but it is important in that it introduces the sub-plot of the play.

2. **diluculo surgere.** "Diluculo surgere saluberrimum est";—To rise at dawn is most healthful.

9. **the four elements.** Earth, air, fire, and water, which were supposed to constitute the body.

16. **the picture of "we three".** Old sign-boards sometimes had the picture of *two* wooden heads or two fools with the inscription beneath, "We three are asses" or "We three loggerheads (blockheads) be",—the third one being, of course, the person looking at the sign.

17. **a catch.** A round for three or four voices.

19. **breast.** Voice.

22-3. This is pure nonsense on the part of the clown.

24. **leman.** Sweetheart.

25-7. Further nonsense.

32. **testril.** A "tester" or sixpence.

34. **of good life.** Lively; Sir Andrew (l. 37) takes it to mean "of good behaviour".

45. **'tis not hereafter.** It will not last.

51. **mellifluous.** Sweetly flowing.

52. **breath.** Voice. Sir Toby is given to using high-sounding words such as "contagious", without knowing their meaning.

55. **the welkin dance.** Make the sky go round.

56-7. **draw . . . weaver.** Weavers were given to psalm-singing. Sir Toby means that each one of the three will sing so as to delight even a weaver.

58. **dog at.** Good at.

60. **By'r lady.** By our Lady (the Virgin Mary).

61. **Thou knave.** The catch is so worded that each of the singers in turn calls the other a knave.

71. **Cataian.** A rascal. Literally, a native of Cathay, the old name for China.

72. **Peg-a-Ramsay.** A character in an old ballad.

73. **consanguineous.** A blood relation of Olivia.

73-4. **Tilly-vally.** An expression of contempt at Maria's speaking of his niece as "my lady".

76. **Beshrew me.** Plague take me!

84. **tinkers.** Tinkers were formerly classed with gypsies and vagabonds.

85. **coziers'.** Cobblers'; (Fr. *coudre*, to sew).

86. **mitigation or remorse.** Moderation or pity (remorse) for your hearers.

88. **Sneck up.** Be hanged! Away with you!

89. **round.** Plain-spoken.

95-106. Sir Toby and the clown sing in turn snatches from a ballad entitled, "Corydon's Farewell to Phyllis", which was first published in 1601.

107. **Out o' time.** A reference to Malvolio's speech in which he said that they had "no respect of time".

110. **Saint Anne.** The mother of the Virgin Mary.
ginger. A favourite spice in Shakespeare's time.

112-3. **rub your chain with crumbs.** The gold chain worn by the steward as his badge of office. It was rubbed with crumbs to clean it. Sir Toby tells him to mind his own business.

116. **uncivil rule.** Rude conduct.

117. **shake your ears.** Maria's way of calling him an ass.

119. **a-hungry.** He should have said "thirsty".
the field. To the field; to fight a duel.

126. **a nayword.** A by-word; a laughing-stock. The origin of the word is doubtful.

129. **possess us.** Inform us.

137. **time-pleaser.** Time-server.
affectioned. Affected.

137-8. **cons state without book.** To "con without book" is to learn by heart. "State" may mean either high-sounding phrases, or pompous deportment.

138. **by great swarths.** Freely. A swath, or swarth, is the amount of hay or grain that is cut with one sweep of the scythe.

139. **best persuaded of himself.** With a high opinion of himself.

146. **expressure.** Expression.

147-8. **feelingly personated.** Truthfully represented.

149. **on a forgotten matter.** When it is forgotten which of us wrote it.

156. **a horse of that colour.** A plan of that sort.

163. **construction.** Interpretation.

165. **Penthesilea.** The queen of the Amazons. A joking reference to Maria's small stature.

166. **Before me.** A mild oath, as one might say, "Before God".

167. **a beagle.** A small hound.

172-3. **a foul way out.** Greatly out of pocket.

175. **cut.** A common work horse.

178. **burn.** Heat.

sack. A general name given to dry Spanish wines. (Fr. *sec*, dry).

Scene IV.

Scene IV. is one of the most charming scenes in the play. The pleasure which it gives to the audience is due largely to the element of dramatic irony; for when Viola talks of her own and her "sister's" love, the audience know that this is in reality a confession of her own love for the Duke, although he is wholly unconscious of it. He appears not to have suspected her disguise; but his language and his manner towards her shows that as his page she has won his favour, if not his affection. This scene, too, contains another beautiful song, in this case a melancholy and dreamy air, "an old and antique song", which charms the audience as it has already charmed the duke.

3. **antique.** Quaint.

4. **passion.** Suffering due to unrequited love.

5. **recollected terms.** Studied phrases; artificial and carefully-culled, as opposed to natural and spontaneous.

6. **giddy-paced.** Lively, frivolous.

18. **unstaid . . . else.** Unsettled and changeable in all other emotions.

21-2. The music echoes the feelings of the heart, which is "the seat where love is throned".

24. **favour.** Countenance.

26. **complexion.** Here, build, general appearance.

29-30. It is generally supposed that Shakespeare is here writing from his own experience. At the age of eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, who was nearly eight years older than himself.

30. **So wears she to him.** Suits her nature to his.

31. **So sways she level.** Her husband's affection for her is steady and unwavering, like the arms of a balance.

34. **worn.** Worn out, consumed.

37. **hold the bent.** Remain fixed, as a bow which retains its shape.

44. Women who sit spinning and knitting in the sun

45. **free.** Care-free.

bones. Bobbins made of bone.

46. **Do use.** Are accustomed.

silly sooth. Simple truth. "Silly" originally meant "happy"; then it came to mean "simple", and finally "foolish".

47. **dallies.** Trifles.

48. **like the old age.** As did the songs of earlier times.

49. **the Song.** It is thought by some critics that the song should be assigned to Viola. She has already spoken of her ability to sing (Act I., Scene II.).

51. **cypress.** A coffin made of the wood of the cypress tree, which was black (sad) in colour.

54. **yew.** The yew tree is frequently found in churchyards and is an emblem of mourning.

56-7. Of all those who have played the part of death, like actors in a drama, no one has been so true a lover as I.

69. **pleasure will be paid.** There will be pain to make up for the pleasure.

71. A hint to the clown that the Duke wishes to be left alone.

72. **the melancholy god.** The god of melancholy; possibly Saturn is referred to.

73. **changeable taffeta.** Shot silk showing different shades of colour in different lights.

74. **opal.** A stone of changeable colour.

of such constancy. So changeable.

80. **the world.** Men and women in general, who prize material wealth.

83. **I hold . . . fortune.** I am as indifferent to them as I am to changes of fortune themselves.

84-5. It is the beauty that nature has adorned her with, that attracts my soul.

91. **be answer'd.** Take that as a final answer.

95. **retention.** Capacity to hold so much love.

96-8. The duke speaks of the "appetite" as the desire for food merely to please the palate. Because there is no real hunger the appetite soon becomes surfeited and cloyed and revolts at the sight of food. His own love, the duke says, is like real hunger, while a woman's love is merely an appetite.

97. **motion.** Emotion.
the liver. The seat of love and of valour.

98. **cloyment.** Cloying.

100. **can digest as much.** There is no limit to my capacity to love.

110-1. She brooded over her love in secret and grew pale and pined away as a result.

111. **damask.** Red and white.
in thought. In brooding.

113. Like the figure of patience carved on a tombstone.

114. **Smiling.** Modifies "she" not "patience".

116. **Our shows are more than will.** We make great show of our love, but we do little in proof of it.

120. **I know not.** Viola checks herself at the thought that Sebastian may be alive.

123. **give no place.** Will not be put off.
denay. Denial.

SCENE V.

This scene is pure comedy. In the interval between Scene III. and Scene V. Maria has prepared the letter with which she means to revenge herself on Malvolio; and she and her accomplices conceal themselves in an arbour in order to watch the effect on him. He at once falls into the trap, for even before he finds the letter he pictures himself as "Count Malvolio" the husband of Olivia; and as Maria had predicted, the supposed message from Olivia makes "a contemplative idiot" of him. At the same time the exclamations of Sir Toby and his companions from their place of concealment contribute not a little to the entertainment which the scene provides.

3. **boiled to death.** That is, killed. At one time the crime of poisoning was punished by boiling to death.

5. **sheep-biter.** Thief; originally, a sheep-biting dog.

13. **metal of India.** Jewel, girl of gold.

14. **box-tree.** A small evergreen tree. Here, either a hedge or an arbour.

18. **a contemplative idiot.** An idiot as the result of thinking about the contents of the letter.

close. Keep concealed.

20-1. **caught with tickling.** In shallow streams where the trout take refuge in holes, the fisherman sometimes catches them by putting his hand into the hole and tickling them about the gills till they become so quiet that they may be lifted out of the water.

23. **she.** Olivia.

affect. Have a fondness for.

24. **near.** Near to expressing her love for me.

should she fancy. If she should love.

24-5. **complexion.** Personal appearance.

30. **how he jets . . . plumes.** How he struts with his feathers spread.

31. **'Slight.** By God's light,—a mild oath.

37-8. There is probably a reference here to some story or play with which the audience was familiar; but no one knows to whom "the lady of the Strachy" refers.

39. **Jezebel.** A notoriously wicked woman, the wife of Ahab, king of Israel. Sir Andrew evidently knew very little scripture when he applied the name to Malvolio.

40. **deeply in.** Deeply engrossed with the idea that he might marry Olivia.

41. **blows him.** Puffs him up.

43. **state.** Chair of state.

44. **stone-bow.** Cross-bow which shoots stones.

45. **branched.** Ornamented with a pattern of branches and leaves.

46. **day-bed.** Couch, sofa.

50. **humour of state.** The air of authority.

51. **a demure travel of regard.** Glancing gravely from one to the other.

54. **Bolts and shackles!** To gaol with him!

58. **my—some rich jewel.** Evidently Malvolio meant to say "my chain", but checked himself on remembering that he should not then be steward.

61. **cars.** "Cars" and "carts" were interchangeable.

64. **an austere regard of control.** A stern look of authority.

68. **prerogative.** Right, privilege.

72. **break the sinews of.** Weaken, destroy.

78. What is there here to engage (employ) me?

79. **woodcock.** The woodcock was looked upon as a stupid bird.

gin. Trap.

80-1. May the spirit that governs men's whims suggest to him that he should read it aloud.

83-4. These letters, C. U. T. P. do not all appear in the address, as Malvolio reads it.

84. **in contempt of question.** Beyond question.

87. **By your leave, wax.** He breaks the seal.

88. **the impressure her Lucrece.** She has used her ring with the figure of Lucretia, to make an impression on the wax. Lucretia was a noble Roman matron whose image was commonly engraved on seals.

89. **uses.** Is accustomed.

95-6. **the numbers altered.** The metre changed. He refers to the four lines following, the metre of which is different from that of the first four.

98. **brock.** Badger; used here in contempt.

100. **a Lucrece knife.** Lucretia stabbed herself and is usually represented as holding a dagger against her breast.

103. **fustian.** One that does not call for much brains. "Fustian" is a coarse cloth.

108. **staniel.** A species of hawk. When the hawk ceases

to pursue its prey in order to chase some other bird which has crossed its path, it is said to "check" at it. In this case Malvolio has forgotten everything else in his eagerness to solve the "riddle".

111. **formal capacity.** Normal understanding.

formal. In proper form.

obstruction. Difficulty.

113. **portend.** Signify.

115. **at a cold scent.** Finding difficulty to understand it.

116. **Sowter.** Literally, a cobbler; here, the name of a hound, as applied to Malvolio.

cry upon 't . . . a fox. He will follow it up, although to any one else it must be evident that it is a mere trick. To "cry upon it" is to give tongue as the chase begins.

as rank as a fox. The deception could be scented as easily as the smell of a fox.

119. **work it out.** Pick up the scent.

120. **at faults.** When the scent is lost for the time.

121. **consonancy in the sequel.** The letters that follow (the sequel) do not combine with the first letter so as to make sense.

122. **suffers under probation.** Will not stand the test.

123. **O shall end.** In the end he shall cry "O" in vexation.

126. **an eye behind you.** To see those who were watching him.

128. **this simulation is not as the former.** The hidden meaning is not so easily understood as the former reference to me (l. 99).

129. **to crush this.** To force it to fit my name.

132. **revolve.** Consider.

my stars. My fortunes, my rank.

136. **blood.** Courage.

137. **cast thy humble slough.** Lay aside your humility, as a snake sloughs its skin.

138. **opposite.** Hostile.

139. **tang.** Talk smartly, twang

arguments of state. Subjects of importance.

140. **a trick of singularity.** An eccentric manner.

142-3. **cross-gartered.** With garters both above and below the knee, and crossing at the back of the leg. Both yellow stockings and cross-garters were in fashion in the sixteenth century.

146-7. **alter services.** Exchange places. Be your servant.

148. The daylight and open fields (champain) could not make it plainer.

149. **politic authors.** Books dealing with affairs of state.

150. **baffle.** Humble. To "baffle" a knight was to degrade him in rank.

151. **point-devise.** Precisely.

152. **jade me.** Deceive me, like a heartless jade.

158. **strange.** Reserved.
stout. Proud, overbearing.

168. **the Sophy.** The Shah of Persia.

177. **play.** Stake.
tray trip. A game of chance, probably played with dice.

190. **Tartar.** Tartarus, the lower world.

Analysis of Act II.

In Act II. we learn that Sebastian has escaped the wreck and is bound for the Duke Orsino's court; and in Scenes II. and IV. Viola reveals, both directly and indirectly, her love for the Duke. But aside from the fact that Orsino once more sends her as messenger to Olivia, there is no further development of the main plot. The two longer scenes in this Act have to do with Maria's plan to revenge herself on Malvolio, which forms the most important of the two sub-plots in the play. On the whole, Act II. is a delightful mingling of pure comedy with more serious and poetic scenes; and this Act contains two of the loveliest songs in Shakespeare.

Questions on Act II.

1. In Scene I. what information is given regarding Viola?
2. Of what dramatic value is the ring episode (Scene II.)?

3. Viola speaks of Malvolio as a "churlish messenger". How does he show his churlishness?

4. (*a*) What reason has Maria for "gulling" Malvolio? (*b*) What is her plan? (*c*) What reason has she for thinking that it will succeed?

5. Point out two instances of dramatic irony in Scene IV.

6. Show in what respects the song in Scene IV. is in keeping with the mood of the Duke.

7. What message does the Duke send to Olivia in Scene IV?

8. In what respects does the fact that Sir Toby and Sir Andrew are listening to Malvolio, in Scene V., contribute to the humour of the scene?

9. (*a*) Why is Malvolio ready to believe that the letter is from Olivia? (*b*) What is there in the letter that makes Malvolio think it refers to him?

10. Sir Andrew has been described as an "echo" of Sir Toby. Show by reference to two instances in Act II., that there is some truth in this description.

Act. III.—Scene I.

In Scene I., after a preliminary play of wit with the clown and Sir Toby, Viola once more urges the suit of the Duke with Olivia. But, as might be expected, Olivia refuses to listen to the pleading of the Duke's messenger, and finally confesses her own passion to Viola. The scene contributes little to the development of the plot; but the favour shown by Olivia to Viola is an excuse for the challenge of Sir Andrew in the following scene.

2. **tabor.** A small drum.

12. **cheveril.** Soft leather made of kid skin.

14. **dally nicely.** Amuse themselves with fine distinctions.

15. **make them wanton.** Give them an improper meaning.

19. **since bonds disgraced them.** The meaning is obscure. It is supposed by some editors that there is a reference to the action of the Privy Council in June 1600, in placing restrictions on the drama.

32. **pilchards.** A fish resembling a herring, but slightly smaller.

40. **pass upon.** Try to fool me.

41. **expenses.** Money to spend.

42. **commodity.** Output, consignment.

45. **my chin.** Stress "my"; she refers to the Duke's beard.

47. **construe.** Explain.

49. **welkin.** The sky, which is "the element"; a play on the two meanings of "element".

50. **overworn.** Worn out.

52. **craves.** Requires.

55. **haggard.** Hawk.
check at. Pursue.

58-9. There is nothing unbecoming in the words of a fool, provided he uses his folly wisely; but when the wise man stoops to folly it is unbecoming or degrading to his intelligence.

62. *Sir And.* God preserve you, sir.
Vio. And you too. Your servant.

65. **encounter.** Enter.

66. **trade.** Business.

68. **list.** Limit.

69. **taste.** Possibly a play on "taste" and "test".

74. **prevented.** Anticipated.

80. **pregnant and vouchsafed ear.** To you who are quick to understand and who grant me permission to speak.

86. **My duty.** It is my duty to serve you,—a formal greeting.

90. Since a humble manner came to be considered a matter of courtesy.

101. **music from the spheres.** A reference to a popular belief that the "spheres" which according to the old astronomy formed the heavens, made music as they moved in their courses around the earth.

103. **enchantment.** Spell, or charm, producing love.

104. **abuse.** Impose upon, wrong.

106. **construction.** Judgment.

109-11. Like a bear which is baited by unmuzzled dogs, so my sense of what is becoming is a prey to all the uncontrolled thoughts to which my passion gives rise.

111-2. To one as quick to understand as you, I have said enough. My feelings are open to you, as if my heart were covered only by a transparent veil instead of by my bosom.

114. **a degree to.** A step towards.

115. **a grize.** A single step. Literally, a single flight of stairs.

a vulgar proof. A common experience.

117-20. Olivia is piqued at Viola's words. She says in effect: "Since you are so indifferent, why should I take it to heart? You are only a poor page and are altogether too proud. How much better, after all, for me to fall in love with your master (the lion) than with you".

123-4. When your mind and body have become mature, whoever marries you will get a handsome (proper) husband.

125. **Westward-ho!** "Westward-ho!" and "Eastward-ho!" were cries of the boatmen on the Thames calling for passengers.

126. May fortune be kind and well-disposed towards you.

130. **you are not what you are.** You are in love with a woman, but you think that you are not.

135. **I am your fool.** You make a fool of me.

138-9. Olivia realizes that the more she tries to conceal her love the more she reveals it. When the lover imagines that he has completely concealed his feelings (love's night) they are perfectly evident (noon) to other people.

142. **maugre.** Notwithstanding.

143. **wit.** Ingenuity.

144-5. Do not argue from my confession (this clause) that because (For that) I woo, you have no need to.

146. But rather let this reason put an end to your argument.

149. **truth.** Loyalty, faithfulness.

Scene II.

Scene II. introduces the second sub-plot or episode, which is developed in the subsequent scenes. Sir Toby is always ready

for anything which promises some sport, and he urges Sir Andrew to challenge Viola, knowing that in such a challenge the foolish knight cannot fail to make himself ridiculous. Sir Andrew is, of course, a mere tool for Sir Toby, who confesses that he has already borrowed two thousand pounds of him, which Sir Andrew is not likely to see again. The announcement of Maria at the close of the scene is intended merely to prepare the audience for the appearance of Malvolio in Scene IV.

10. **argument.** Proof.

15. **grand-jurymen.** Doubtful matters are put to the test of judgment and reason, just as cases are brought before a grand-jury to decide whether they shall come to trial or not.

18. **dormouse valour.** Sleeping courage. The dormouse is a small rodent that sleeps through the winter.

23. **balked.** Omitted, left undone.

23-4. **the double gilt . . . wash off.** You failed to take advantage of this most excellent opportunity till it was too late.

25. **the north.** She regards you coldly.

26. The Dutch had sent expeditions to explore the far north.

28. **policy.** Cunning.

30. **Brownist.** The Brownists were a sect of dissenters established by Robert Brown (1550-1630).

31. **me.** The ethical dative construction.

34. **love-broker.** Means for bringing about love.

40. **a martial hand.** A bold strong hand suggestive of a warlike person.

curst. Sharp, stinging.

41. **witty.** Clever, brainy.

42. **with the license of ink.** In a letter one may say what he pleases.

43. **thou'st.** "Thou" was used in familiar speech between intimate friends. It was also used in addressing servants or inferiors, and in contemptuous speech. For Sir Andrew to address Viola as "thou" would be insulting.

45. **the bed of Ware.** A great bed nearly eleven feet square

formerly at the Saracen's Head Inn at Ware.

50. **cubiculo.** Chamber.

51. **manakin.** Little man,—a contemptuous expression.

52-3. Sir Toby has borrowed this amount of money from Sir Andrew.

57. **wainropes.** Wagon ropes.

58. **hale.** Haul, pull.

59. The liver was supposed to be the seat of courage.

63. **the youngest wren of nine.** An allusion to the small size of Maria.

64. **the spleen.** Laughter. The spleen was also regarded as the seat of ill-temper.

66. **renegado.** Renegade; one who changes his religion.

68. **passages of grossness.** Ridiculous actions.

72. **a school i' the church.** Grammar schools were sometimes connected with churches.

74-5. **more lines . . . Indies.** This is generally supposed to refer to a map which was published in Hakluyt's *Voyages* in 1599, two years before *Twelfth Night* appeared. In this map the East Indies were shown more fully (augmented) than on previous maps.

Scene III.

Scene III. is important only in so far as it prepares the way for the complications of the subsequent scenes. In this scene the audience are assured of the arrival of Antonio and Sebastian in the city; and the fact that Antonio gives his purse to Sebastian provides the basis for Antonio's charge of ingratitude in Scene IV., when he mistakes Viola for Sebastian.

8. **jealousy.** Suspicion, anxiety.

12. All the more readily because of my fear which urged me.

15-6. **and oft . . . pay.** Oftentimes favours are requited with such worthless pay.

17. If I only had the means to repay you as I know I should.

19. **reliques.** Things of note (l. 23).

26. **the count his galleys.** In Shakespeare's time it was thought by unlettered people that the apostrope and *s* was an abbreviation for *his*; and "his" was sometimes substituted for the sign of the possessive.

28. **it would scarce be answered.** I could scarcely escape punishment.

31-2. Although the character of the time and the nature of the quarrel might have given us cause for bloodshed.

33. **answer'd.** Compensated.

34. **for traffic's sake.** For the sake of our city's trade.

36. **lapsed.** Surprised, caught in the act.

39. **the Elephant.** The name of an inn.

45-6. **your store . . . markets.** Your store of money is not sufficient to permit you to make any unnecessary purchases.

SCENE IV.

Scene IV. forms the dramatic centre of the play, inasmuch as it is the meeting-place of the main plot and the two sub-plots. At the opening of the scene we learn from Olivia that she has sent for Viola, and Viola's visit though unimportant in itself, forms a sort of background for the sub-plots. The plan of Maria to "gull" Malvolio has succeeded almost beyond expectation, and in the first half of Scene IV. his actions are such as to justify Maria's declaration that he is "tainted in 's wits". But the plotters are not yet satisfied, and announce their intention of humiliating Malvolio still further by "having him in a dark room and bound". In the latter half of the scene the second sub-plot is developed. Sir Toby and Fabian together stage a farcical duel between Sir Andrew and "Cesario", which is interrupted by the appearance of Antonio, who imagines that Sebastian is in danger. The situation which arises when Antonio asks for his purse is the first of a series which are due to mistaken identity, and it contributes not a little to the dramatic interest of the scene. The entrance of Antonio marks the crisis or turning point in the action of the play.

2. **bestow of.** Bestow on.

5. **sad and civil.** Grave and solemn.

23. **sonnet.** A reference to a ballad published in 1591.

28. **Roman hand.** Italian handwriting.

32. **Shall I answer you.** Yes, for a nightingale may answer a jackdaw.

58. **have him miscarry.** Have him (Malvolio) meet with misfortune.

59. **do you come near me.** Do you see how I am regarded.

68. **the habit of some sir of note.** The manner of some gentleman of importance.

limed. Caught, as a bird with bird-lime.

71. **fellow.** Companion.

after my degree. According to my rank as steward.

72. **adheres.** Agrees.

73. **no scruple of a scruple.** Not the smallest particle of a doubt.

73-4. **incredulous.** Incredible.

74. **unsafe.** Untrustworthy.

79. **drawn in little.** Pressed into small compass,—in Malvolio's person.

Legion. See Mark v., 9, "My name is Legion, for we are many".

83. **private.** Privacy.

103. **bawcock.** Fine fellow.

106. **Ay, Biddy, come with me.** Probably a fragment of some old song.

107. So grave and dignified a man as you, should not be so intimate with the devil. Cherry-pit was a game in which cherry stones were thrown into a small hole.

108. **foul collier.** Satan is spoken of as a "collier" on account of his blackness.

119. **genius.** His spirit, which governs his actions.

121-2. **take air and taint.** Be exposed and be spoiled as a result.

125-6. A common method of dealing with madmen in former times.

129-30. We will judge of the device and give you the credit for finding that Malvolio was mad.

132. More entertainment; an allusion to the May-day sports.

140. **admire.** Show astonishment.

153. **the windy side of the law.** The safe side. The origin of the metaphor is doubtful. It probably is associated with the management of sailing vessels.

161. **commerce.** Intercourse.

162. **scout me for him.** Watch out for him. "Me" is ethical dative.

163. **bum-baily.** Under-bailiff; probably a corruption of "bound-bailiff".

166-7. **gives manhood more approbation.** Gives a greater reputation for courage.

175. **clodpole.** A stupid fellow.

176-7. **set upon . . . valour.** Credit him with a remarkable reputation for courage.

181. **cockatrice.** A fabulous reptile whose glance was said to be fatal; the basilisk.

187. **unchary.** Freely.

193. **jewel.** Ornament.

197. That I may give you without loss of honour.

200. **acquit you.** I will free you from obligations to me.

208-9. **dismount thy tuck.** Draw thy sword. A "tuck" is a rapier; to "dismount" it was to free it from the sword-belt.

209. **yare.** Nimble.

219. **dubbed with unhatched rapier.** Created with an unhacked sword; that is, he has been knighted not because of his deeds of valour.

220. **on carpet consideration.** For other reasons besides military service. "Carpet knights" were so called because they were knighted at the court and not on the field of battle.

224. **Hob, nob, . . . take 't.** You must take your chance of either giving or getting a thrust. It is a hit or miss affair. "Hob, nob" is supposed to be a corruption of the older form of "Have, have not".

226. **conduct.** Escort.

228. **taste.** Test.

229. **quirk.** Humour, whimsical nature.

231. **competent.** Sufficient to justify a quarrel.

245. **mortal arbitrement.** A decision that may be fatal to you.

249. **his form.** His appearance.

255. **sir priest.** The title "sir" was given to a priest who had taken a degree at the university.

258. **firago.** Sir Toby's pronunciation of "virago", a woman with a fierce temper.

258-61. I had a round at fencing with him, in which he used his rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives a thrust (stuck) in such a deadly fashion that it is impossible to escape it, and when you return the thrust, he hits you, as surely, etc.

262. **the Sophy.** The Shah of Persia.

270. **make the motion.** Make the attempt.

274. **take up.** Settle, make up.

276. **conceited.** Has as horrible an idea.

288. **duello.** Laws of duelling.

299. **undertaker.** One who undertakes another's business; a meddlesome fellow.

301. I'll have this out with you by and by.

306. **office.** Duty.

324. **part.** Partly.

326. **my having.** What I have.

327. **my present.** My present supply.

329-30. **Is't possible . . . persuasion?** Is it possible that the remembrance of what I have done for you is not enough to persuade you?

330-2. **Do not . . . upbraid you.** Do not tempt me to think ill of you in my misery lest I should be so unmanly as to upbraid you.

342. Relieved his wants with the most pure and sincere affection.

343-4. And believing him worthy of my esteem I devoted

myself to him in the same spirit as one might worship the image of a saint.

347. **feature.** Appearance.

350. **beauteous-evil.** Beautiful in body, but evil in mind.

351. Like empty chests with beautiful scroll-work on the outside.

355. **passion.** Strong feeling.

356. **believes himself.** Believes what he says to be true.

360. Sir Toby says, in effect, that he and Sir Andrew can express themselves in proverbs as well as Antonio.

saws. Sayings, proverbs.

362. **in my glass.** By looking in the mirror she can see in herself the image of Sebastian, and think of him as alive.

366. **fresh in love.** The salt waves which generally bring grief have changed their nature and have shown their love.

371. **religious in it.** He practises it religiously.

372. **'Slid.** A mild oath, possibly a corruption of "by his eye-lid".

376. **see the event.** See what will happen.

Analysis of Act III.

In Act III. the main plot, in which the duke, Olivia, Viola,—and, later, Sebastian, are the principals, is developed still further. In the first scene of Act III., Viola for the second time comes to urge the suit of the duke with Olivia; and the latter throws aside all reserve and openly confesses her passion for Cesario. In the third scene Sebastian arrives in the city, and with his arrival the "complication" of the main plot is complete. The entrance of Antonio, who mistakes Viola for Sebastian, in Scene IV., marks the crisis or turning point in the play. But the main interest in Act III. lies after all not so much in the main plot, as in the sub-plot in which Malvolio is the central figure, and in the second sub-plot or episode, in which the burlesque duel between Sir Andrew and Viola is staged by Sir Toby and Fabian. All three threads of the plot which enter into Act III.,—the misplaced love of Olivia, the humiliation of Malvolio, and the practical

joke of Sir Toby on Sir Andrew, are skilfully woven together, with Olivia as the main connecting link. She is in love with Viola, and it is because of her entreaty that Viola returns; it is to her that Malvolio presents himself, cross-gartered and smiling; and it is Sir Andrew's jealousy regarding her that gives Sir Toby the opportunity to play a practical joke on him.

Questions on Act III.

1. What further development of the main plot takes place in Scene I.?

2. What is the purpose of Sir Toby in advising Sir Andrew to challenge Viola?

3. (a) Why is it necessary to have Antonio tell of his previous encounter with the galleys of the Count? (b) What is the dramatic purpose of having Antonio lend his purse to Sebastian?

4. In what respects does the appearance and conduct of Malvolio in the presence of Olivia justify her in her conclusion that "this is very midsummer madness"?

5. (a) Why does Olivia, in Scene IV., send for Sir Toby to take charge of Malvolio? (b) What interpretation does Malvolio put upon her action in sending for him?

6. (a) How do Sir Toby, Maria, and Fabian pretend to account for Malvolio's condition? (b) By what means does Sir Toby propose to humiliate him further?

7. What is Olivia's estimate of the character of Malvolio, as expressed in Scene IV.? As expressed previously in the play?

8. Sir Toby tells Fabian of the trick which he intends to play upon Sir Andrew and Viola. What is Sir Toby's plan? What does Fabian do to help him?

9. Show what dramatic purpose is served by the entrance of Antonio in the latter part of Scene IV.

10. (a). What two different opinions does Sir Toby express regarding Viola, in Scene IV.? (b) What is Sir Toby's real opinion of Sir Andrew, as shown in this scene?

Act IV.—Scene I.

In Act III. the audience learned of the arrival of Sebastian in the city ; and the fact that Antonio has already mistaken Viola for Sebastian prepares the way for the incidents arising from the mistaken identity of brother and sister, in this scene. The clown, Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, and Olivia, in turn mistake Sebastian for Viola. In the case of the clown's mistake the audience are amused ; when Sebastian turns on Sir Andrew and Sir Toby, it is a pleasure to see these two rogues unexpectedly get their deserts ; and the mistake which Olivia makes, helps to reassure the audience that the play will at length end happily. Perhaps Sebastian acquiesces rather too readily in her proposal,—but with him as previously with her, it is evidently love at first sight.

3. **Go to, go to.** Away, away,—expressing impatience.

5. **Well held out.** The pretence of not knowing me is well kept up.

11. **vent my folly!** The clown sees that the word "vent", as used by Sebastian, expresses contempt.

13-4. **this great lubber, . . . cockney.** The world, usually so awkward and clumsy, will become affected and foppish like a cockney.

14. **ungird thy strangeness.** Put aside your strange manner.

17. **Greek.** Jester, buffoon. The Greeks were proverbially spoken of by the Romans as revellers.

22. **after fourteen years' purchase.** The value or "purchase" price of land was computed in terms of the gross rentals for a term of years. The usual price was twelve years' purchase; so that fourteen years' purchase would be a high price to pay for it.

32. **action of battery.** Action for "assault and battery", that is, for having been given a beating.

38. **fleshed.** You have got satisfaction. A hunting term ; dogs or hawks are "fleshed" when they have tasted the blood or flesh of the game.

43. **malapert.** Saucy.

49. **Rudesby.** Rude fellow; formed from "rude" by the suffixes "s" and "by".

50. **sway.** Control you.

51. **extent.** A legal term meaning the seizure of goods to satisfy a debt; here, a violent attack.

54. **botch'd up.** Contrived; literally, patched up.

57. My heart is so bound up in you that in his attack on you he frightened me. There is possibly a play on the words "hart" and "heart".

58. **What relish is in this?** What does this mean? What is this that I am tasting?

60. Let my imagination still make me forget all else. Lethe was the river of forgetfulness in the lower world, and whoever drank of it forgot all his past cares.

Scene II.

In Scene II. the nonsense of the clown, both as Sir Topas and as fool, creates a situation which, from beginning to end, is pure comedy. The genuine distress of Malvolio comes close to awakening the sympathies of the audience, but in the words and actions of the clown there is nothing but pure good-natured foolery, which carries all before it.

2. **Sir Topas.** See note on Act IV. Sc. III. l. 255.

4. **dissemble.** Disguise. In the next line "dissembled" is used in the sense of "spoke falsely".

6. **tall.** Here, stout, as opposed to "lean" in the next line.

8-10. **to be said . . . scholar.** To be called an honest man and a good host (housekeeper) is as much to one's credit as to be considered careful in conduct and a good scholar.

10. **competitors.** Here, confederates, accomplices.

12. **Bonos dies.** Good day.

12-3. **the old hermit of Prague.** The reference is obscure.

13. **King Gorboduc.** An early British king.

25. **hyperbolical.** Literally, exaggerated; but the clown uses the word merely because it is high-sounding.

32. **modest.** Moderate, mild.

36-9. The clown is, of course, talking pure nonsense.

clearstories. The clear story (or clerestory) of a church or cathedral is the second story, whose windows supply light to the building.

43. **puzzled.** Bewildered.

44. **the Egyptians in their fog.** See Exodus x. 21. Moses brought upon the Egyptians a plague of darkness which lasted for three days.

48. **constant.** Logical.

49. **Pythagoras.** A Greek philosopher and mathematician who lived about 520 B.C. He is said to have preached the doctrine of transmigration of souls.

62. **I am for all waters.** I can turn my hand to anything. The origin of the expression is doubtful.

71-2. The beginning of an old ballad.

74. **perdy.** A mild oath ; a corruption of *par Dieu.*

84. **besides.** Out of.

85. **notoriously abused.** Shamefully ill-treated.

89. **propertied.** Thrown me into this dark place as if I were merely a piece of stage property.

91. **face me.** Impudently cheat me.

93-4. The clown changes his voice so as to make believe that Sir Topas is speaking.

96-8. The clown here speaks in two different voices as if he and Sir Topas were holding a conversation.

97. **God buy you.** A corruption of "God be wi' you".

101. **shent.** Reproved, by Sir Topas ; participle of the verb *to shend.*

104. **Well-a-day that you were.** Oh, how I wish that you were !

110. **do you but counterfeit ?** A very irritating question, since it implies that whatever Malvolio may say, he is acting like a madman.

120-6. Vice was the buffoon in the old morality plays. He is represented as carrying a dagger of lath, with which he sometimes made a pretence of paring the devil's nails.

SCENE III.

This short scene provides the sequel to Scene I. in which Olivia mistook Sebastian for Viola. Sebastian's speech shows

us his bewilderment regarding the "flood of fortune" which has fallen upon him. The betrothal of Sebastian and Olivia is hurried forward with a haste for which even Olivia apologises: but "all's well that ends well", and the audience knowing the relations that exist between Olivia and Viola, are ready to accept the substitution of Sebastian for Viola without question.

6. **credit.** Report which was credited, or believed.

9-10. My feeling (sense) is that this is madness, but my reason (soul) argues that it may be the result of some error.

12. **instance.** Example.

discourse. Reasoning.

14. **wrangle.** Quarrel.

15. **trust.** Belief.

17. **sway.** Rule.

18. Take charge of affairs and direct the work of her household. "Take" governs "affairs", and "give back" governs "dispatch". Distinguish *dispatch* and *despatch*.

21. **deceivable.** Deceiving.

24. **chantry.** Chapel where priests sing or say mass for the souls of the donors.

26. The formal betrothal, to be followed later by the marriage.

27. **jealous.** Anxious.

29. **Whiles.** Until.

30. **our celebration keep.** Have our marriage solemnized.

31. **birth.** Rank.

35. **fairly note.** Show especial favour to. "Fairly" is used in the sense of "favourably".

Summary of Act IV.

The entrance of Sebastian in Act IV. helps to solve certain of the complications which have already arisen in Act III. Cesario, being a woman in disguise, could not marry Olivia, and furthermore could not play a man's part in taking up the challenge of Sir Andrew. But Sebastian, who is mistaken for

Cesario, astonishes Sir Andrew and Sir Toby by an unexpected display of vigor, and shortly afterwards astonishes Olivia equally by his sudden consent to their betrothal. The air is speedily cleared by his decisive action. In Act IV., also, the plot against Malvolio is carried as far as the confederates dare; for as a result of his encounter with Sebastian, Sir Toby is out of favour with Olivia and "cannot pursue with safety this sport to the upshot". When the clown agrees to bring Malvolio some ink, paper, and light, and to carry his letter to Olivia, it is evident that the plot has almost run its course.

Questions on Act IV.

1. In Shakespeare's day "you" was the pronoun used in ordinary address, while "thou" was used for familiar friends, or for inferiors sometimes to express contempt. Comment on the use of "thou" and "you" in Scene I.

2. (a) Olivia says that Sir Toby has already "botch'd up" many fruitless pranks. What two is he partly responsible for in this play? (b) On the whole, Scene I. gives a great deal of satisfaction to the audience. Why?

3. (a) In Scene II. what means does the clown use to tantalize Malvolio? (b) What is there in the songs "Hey Robin, jolly Robin", and "I am gone, sir", that would prove exasperating to Malvolio?

4. How does Sebastian account for the "flood of fortune" that has befallen him? Does he give any evidence of being in love with Olivia?

5. (a) Why is Olivia in such haste with the betrothal? (b) What indirect evidence is contained in Act IV. as to her character?

Act V.—Scene I.

In the first half of Act V., there are further complications resulting this time from Cesario's being mistaken for Sebastian. Antonio renews his charge of ingratitude against Viola; Olivia finds, to her distress, that Cesario denies having been betrothed to her; Sir Andrew and Sir Toby accuse Viola of having broken their heads. But suddenly in the midst of the general bewilderment Sebastian enters, and the dénouement speedily follows.

5-6. The story is told that a certain Dr. Bullein owned a dog which Queen Elizabeth wished to possess. Knowing his fondness for the dog, she told him that if he would give it to her she would grant any request that he might make. Accordingly he gave her the dog and then requested that she would give it back again.

8. **trappings.** Ornamental belongings.

19. **abused.** Deceived.

19-22. In the clown's argument there are two, not four, negatives. He is negatived by his friends, who make an ass of him, and by his foes, who tell him that he is an ass. From these two negatives he should draw *one* affirmative conclusion. But just as one kiss is not enough, so one conclusion is not enough, and he draws two,—that he is the worse for his friends and the better for his foes.

31. **Put your grace in your pocket.** Forget that double-dealing is wrong. There is a play on the word "grace", which is used in the sense of goodness or virtue, and also as the duke's title.

32. **it.** The ill-counsel.

35. **Primo . . . play.** A reference to a children's game.

36. **triplex.** Triple time in music.

37. **Saint Bennet.** A church in London destroyed by the great fire of 1666. The church bells ring the Angelus with three strokes for each part of it.

40. **throw.** A throw at dice.

51. **Vulcan.** The god of fire, who forged the weapons of the gods.

52. **bawbling.** Paltry.

53. **unprizable.** Of no value.

54. **scathful.** Destructive.

55. **bottom.** Vessel.

56. **envy.** Malice.

the tongue of loss. The outcry of those whose vessels he had destroyed.

59. **fraught.** Cargo.

Candy. Candia, now Crete.

62. **desperate of shame and state.** Caring nothing for his shame and the state of danger he was in.

63. **brabble.** Brawl.

64. **drew.** Drew his sword.

66. **distraction.** Madness.

69. **dear.** Grievous.

73. **base.** Foundation.

79. **retention.** Reserve.

80. **dedication.** My love was wholly dedicated to him.

81. **pure.** Purely.

82. **adverse.** Hostile.

84-8. When I was arrested, since he did not wish to share my danger, his cunning led him to deny boldly that I was acquainted with him; and even in a moment he became as much a stranger as if he had not seen me for twenty years.

99. **but . . . have.** Other than my love, which he may not have.

107. **fat and fulsome.** Nauseous and offensive.

110. **to perverseness.** Persistently obstinate.

116-7. An allusion to the story of an Egyptian robber named Thyamis, who fell in love with one of his captives named Chariclea. Finding himself beset by enemies, he resolved to kill her, but in mistake he killed another woman in her stead.

118. **savours nobly.** Has a noble quality.

119. **non-regardance.** Disregard, neglect.

121. **screws.** Forces me.

124. **tender dearly.** Hold in high regard.

131. **To do you rest.** To give you ease.

136. **for tainting of my love.** Exposing my love (the duke) to shame.

143. **sirrah.** A form of address used to inferiors, sometimes to express contempt.

145. **strangle thy propriety.** Suppress what you really are.

146. **take thy fortunes up.** Accept your true position as my husband.

148. **that thou fear'st.** As count you will be as great as the duke whom you fear.

151. **occasion.** Circumstances.

155. **joinder.** Joining.

156. **Attested.** Affirmed.

159. **Seal'd in my function.** Ratified by me in the discharge of my duty.

163. **a grizzle on thy case.** Grey hairs on your head. "Case" in Shakespearean English sometimes has the meaning of "skin".

164-5. Will you not continue to increase in cunning until in your effort to trip others you yourself will be overthrown?

169. **little.** A little.

171. **presently.** Immediately.

174. **coxcomb.** Head.

175. I would rather be at home, even if it meant a loss of forty pounds.

178. **incardinate.** Sir Andrew's word for "incarnate".

180. **'Od's lifelings.** A petty oath. By God's lives. The suffix *ling* is a diminutive.

187. **set nothing by.** Regard as of no importance.

190. **other gates.** In another fashion (gate).

193. **sot.** Fool.

194-5. **his eyes were set.** An allusion to the glassy eye of a drunk man.

196-7. **a passy measures pavin.** Sir Toby means to say "a passamezzo pavan". This was a solemn Spanish dance, with eight bars to a strain; and when Sir Toby is told that the surgeon's eyes were "set at eight", he at once thinks of the dance which was also "set at eight". Sir Toby is drunk, and it is not likely that there is any further point in the comparison.

201. **dressed.** Have our wounds dressed.

207. **wit.** Wisdom.

208. **regard.** Glance.

212. **habit.** Dress.

213. **A natural perspective.** A "perspective" was a glass cut in such a way as to produce an optical illusion. The duke says that nature in this case has produced the illusion.

that is and is not. There appear to be two persons exactly alike, but there cannot be.

217. **Fear'st thou?** Have you any doubts?

223-4. **nor can . . . everywhere.** I cannot, like a god, be everywhere at the same time.

226. **of charity.** For the sake of charity.

230. When he was drowned he was dressed in the same way as you.

233-4. I am coarsely clothed in the bodily shape which all my life has formed a part of me.

235. **as the rest goes even.** As everything else agrees that you are.

245. **lets.** Hinders.

248. **cohere and jump.** Hold together and agree (jump).

256. But in that matter, nature followed her course. If Olivia was attracted by Sebastian, it was natural that she should have been attracted by Viola also. The metaphor is from the game of bowls.

259. Olivia had declared her love to both Viola and Sebastian.

260. In Act I. Scene II. Viola mentions the fact that Orsino and her father were acquainted.

261. **the glass.** A reference to the "natural perspective" mentioned in line 213.

262. **wreck.** The shipwreck which brought Viola and Sebastian to Orsino's court.

267. **orbed continent.** The sun; the orb which "contains" the fire.

272. **durance.** Confinement.

274. **enlarge.** Set free.

276. **distract.** Out of his mind.

277. **extracting.** Drawing my attention away from everything else.

279-80. **holds . . . end.** Keeps the devil at a safe distance.

282. **epistles are no gospels.** His letters are not to be relied on. There is a play on the words epistle and gospel as used in reference to the books of the New Testament.

285-6. **The fool delivers the madman.** When I, the fool, read what the madman has to say.

287. The clown has begun to read in a loud voice in an exaggerated attempt to imitate Malvolio.

290. **allow vox.** Olivia has just called him to task for reading in a loud voice. He says here, "You must allow me to use my voice (vox)".

293. **perpend.** Consider.

300. **semblance.** Outward appearance.

302-3. **I leave . . . injury.** I should perhaps not write this if I remembered my duty to you as your servant, but the wrong (injury) I have suffered leads me to do so.

307. **deliver'd.** Set free.

308-11. My lord, if it please you, upon further consideration, to think of me as a sister as you have already thought of me as a wife, our marriages shall be celebrated on the same day, if it please you, here at my house and at my own (proper) cost.

312. **apt to embrace.** Ready to take advantage of.

313. **quits.** Releases, sets free.

314. **against the mettle.** Contrary to the nature.

321. **Notorious.** Notable.

324. **from it.** In a different hand from it.

325. **not your invention.** Not made up by you.

327. **in the modesty of honour.** With the fairness of an honourable woman.

328. **lights.** Evidences.

331. **lighter people.** People of less importance.

335. **geck.** Fool.

338. **character** Hand-writing.

342-3. **presupposed upon thee.** Planned beforehand against you.

344. This trick has been played upon you most sharply.

349. **Taint the condition of.** Spoil.

353-4. In consequence of some stubborn and uncourteous traits of character which we had seen in him.

354. **importance.** Importunity.

357-8. How we followed it up as a malicious jest may excite laughter rather than a spirit of revenge.

359. **injuries.** Wrongs, insults.

361. **baffled.** Put to shame.

364. **interlude.** Piece of sport.

368. **whirligig.** A wheel; literally, a top.

370. **abused.** Deceived.

373. **convents.** Is convenient.

379. **fancy's.** Love's.

380-400. The substance of the song is that a child may do foolish things and no one thinks anything of it; but when we "come to man's estate", foolishness and wrong-doing bring their own retribution, just as surely as the rain falls. This has always been the way of the world, and always will be.

392. **my beds.** Old age when one is bed-ridden.

394. I still had a drunken head with the other drunkards (toss-pots).

Analysis of Act V.

Act V. has to do almost wholly with the dénouement,—the unravelling of the difficulties which have been created by the disguise of Viola and by Maria's plan of revenge on Malvolio. The dénouement is brought about very suddenly by the entrance of Sebastian. Sebastian and Viola immediately recognize each other as brother and sister. The Duke, Olivia, Viola, and Sebastian are all made happy, and Olivia proposes that their double marriage shall be celebrated on the one day. Fabian announces that Sir Toby has married Maria "in recompense" for her cleverness. Sir Andrew, however, fares ill at the hands of Sir Toby who calls him "an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave"; but just because he is "a thin-faced knave and a gull", no one pities him. Malvolio is cleared of

the charge of madness, and at the same time the clown gets his revenge. Malvolio in his chagrin vows that he will be revenged on "the whole pack" of them; but even for him there is some compensation. Olivia declares that he has been "notoriously abused", and the duke bids them "pursue him and entreat him to a peace". The play might well have ended with the duke's speech, which shows him in his happiest mood; but it is Feste, the jester, the most lovable clown in Shakespeare, who rings down the curtain,—and the play closes with his delightfully quaint song, which pleasing though it is, has still, like the play itself, a faint echo of sadness in it.

Questions on Act V.

1. (a) What charge do the officers make against Antonio? (b) What excuse does he make for his foolish boldness in entering the town?

2. (a) How does Olivia attempt to explain Viola's apparent desertion of her? (b) How does the duke receive the declarations of Antonio and Olivia respectively regarding Viola?

3. (a) Why does Sir Toby denounce Sir Andrew as "a thin-fac'd knave and a gull"? (b) In what way has Sir Toby profited by his association with Sir Andrew?

4. How do Sebastian and Viola satisfy each other as to their identity as brother and sister?

5. In what way has the dramatist prepared the audience for the Duke's apparently sudden decision to marry Viola?

6. (a) In speaking to Malvolio the clown says, "thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges". To what does he refer? (b) "In the clown's song at the end of Act V. there is a possible reference to Malvolio." Do you agree with this statement?

Questions from University Examination Papers.

1. Give a brief summary of the plot of *Twelfth Night* in so far as it concerns Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Maria, and Malvolio. How is the sub-plot connected with the main story of the duke and Viola?

2. Show how the plot and sub-plots of *Twelfth Night* centre about Olivia.

3. Show what impressions of Malvolio's character you get (*a*) from his own acting and talk before he finds the letter; (*b*) from what we hear about him from others.

4. Describe in detail the scene in which Viola first meets Olivia, so as to show the character of these two persons and their changing attitudes to one another.

5. "O you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite":—Illustrate this view of Malvolio's character by his conduct in the play.

6. Give a careful outline of Viola's speech, "I left no ring with her. What means this lady?" Explain its verbal difficulties, and show what light it throws on Viola's character.

7. How far is the description of Malvolio by Maria justified by the events of the play? Mention any qualities of Malvolio which make this description in part unfair.

8. Mention the successive appearances of Malvolio on the stage. Discuss their dramatic value, and show how they throw light on his part in the plot.

9. Describe in as full detail as you can, the songs in *Twelfth Night*, mentioning the singer and the occasion, in each case. Discuss the appropriateness of each to the play and the occasion.

10. Describe the scene in *Twelfth Night* in which Malvolio finds the letter. Compare the quality of the comedy in this scene with that in the scene of Malvolio's supposed madness.

11. "She took the ring of me. I'll none of it." State the circumstances under which these words were uttered, and point out the dramatic value of the scene and the scene preceding it, as revealing the character of Viola.

12. The scene containing the interview between "Sir Topas" and Malvolio has been condemned by some as unsuitable for comedy. Describe the scene in question, and examine this criticism in the light of your impression of the play.

Subjects for Composition

1. The Captain, and Antonio (the part that each plays in *Twelfth Night*).

2. Viola's first visit to Olivia.

3. The Duke as a suitor of Olivia.

4. Viola, as described by others in the play.

5. Sir Andrew, from Sir Toby's point of view.

6. Sebastian, from his first appearance in the play to his meeting with Olivia.

7. The songs of Feste, the clown.

8. Maria (the part she plays in *Twelfth Night*).

9. "I'll serve this duke." (Viola's decision and its consequences).

10. Maria's plan for revenge.

11. Sir Toby and his niece Olivia, (their attitude towards each other).

12. Olivia falls in love.

13. Sir Andrew's "challenge" to Viola.

14. The "prank" which Sir Toby plays on Sir Andrew and Viola.

15. Sebastian's "flood of fortune".

16. The clown and Malvolio.

17. "Enter Sebastian" (Act V., Scene I.).

18. "Now, sir, have I met you again?" (How Viola and Sebastian are mistaken for each other).

19. Malvolio regains his freedom.

20. "At the close of the play every one is happy except Malvolio."

STAGING A PLAY OF SHAKESPEARE

The plays of Shakespeare were written to be acted, and they are much more effective when put upon the stage than when merely read in class. In some schools, where there is a large staff and a large number of students and a good auditorium, it is possible to stage a complete play; and even in the smaller schools individual scenes may be put on with very little outlay for costume or scenery.

The simplest form of dramatic production consists merely in reading or reciting single scenes from a play of Shakespeare before the class, without special costumes or scenery, during the lesson period; and an occasional period spent in this way is a pleasing variation from the routine of class work. But needless to say, before any attempt is made to act scenes from the play in this way, they must be studied in class. The teacher, in this case, assigns the parts beforehand; the pupils learn the speeches and study how they should be spoken, and one or two practices are held after school hours to make the acting run smoothly. Sometimes two casts are chosen for the same scene, and it is a matter of rivalry to see which group of actors can produce the scene more effectively.

In schools where the teacher and pupils decide to stage a play in whole or in part for public performance, some sort of dramatic organization is required. If there is a dramatic club in the school it will naturally take full charge of the production; but, if not, the teacher and class must take the first steps to arrange for the play.

The first thing to be done is to select the play, and if possible it should be one that has been studied in class. The dramatic production should be the outgrowth of class work, and the would-be actor must make a study of the characters, the development of the plot, the structure of the play and the purpose of each scene. He must have studied the play so thoroughly that he knows the exact meaning of every expression, and is able to interpret the feelings of the various speakers in the play.

In any dramatic organization, the most important person is the director or stage-manager of the play, who is usually also the "coach," who gives instruction to the actors. The director has full charge of the production of the play, the rehearsals, the scenery and stage effects, the costumes, etc., etc. He must, of course, be assisted by various committees, but he directs their work and his decisions are in all cases final. He should not only have some knowledge of how to stage a play, but should have certain indispensable personal qualities such as tact, good humour, executive ability and decision. It is desirable, for obvious reasons, that some member of the staff should be the director of the school play: but experience and knowledge of stage production is the first consideration. The director, of course, does not himself take part in the play.

Next to the director, or stage-manager, the most important member of the organization is the "prompter", who is usually assistant stage-manager. He must be thoroughly familiar with the play, and in addition to his general services, it is his duty to prompt the actors at rehearsals and on the night of the performance.

The manager is assisted by a committee of students, each with specific duties. Different students, or committees of students, are given charge of:—

(*a*) The scenery, including the carpenter work and the curtain.
(*b*) The lighting, and electrical devices.
(*c*) The stage properties,—i.e. the furnishings and small articles—everything, in fact, except the costumes and scenery.
(*d*) The costumes.
(*e*) The music, including the orchestra.
(*f*) The make-up.
(*g*) The business details, advertising, printing, sale of tickets, ushers, etc.

It is necessary to guard against over-organization and over-lapping; and the director must use his discretion as to how many assistants are required.

In general, a play of Shakespeare is much too long for presentation on a modern stage, and even in single scenes certain parts may be cut out to advantage. The play must be studied carefully by the director, either with or without the class, in order to decide what scenes may be omitted and how the speeches may be shortened. As a result of this revision, an acting edition of the play is produced. It is better if possible, to give to each actor

a typewritten copy of his own part in the play, rather than have him rely on the text as a whole.

One of the first duties of the director is to choose a cast for the play, and in making the selection he may be assisted by a committee of two or three judges. At the "try-out," those who wish to take part in the play are required to read a scene, or part of a scene, which they have prepared. In assigning parts to different students, the judges must take into account (*a*) the voice,—its carrying power, tone, flexibility, etc. (*b*) ability of the actor to enter into the spirit of the play, to *feel* the part he acts, and (*c*) his physical suitability for the part. No student should accept a part in the play unless he can give an assurance that he will attend the rehearsals faithfully and punctually. There should be a definite understanding on this point before the cast is completed.

Usually at least twelve or fifteen rehearsals are required, that is about three a week for five or six weeks. The first two or three rehearsals are given over to blocking out the action. The actors read their parts, and the director gives instructions as to entrances, exits, movements, acting, and stage "business." At these rehearsals no attention is paid to the speaker's voice or expression, but the actors must become familiar with their positions and movements on the stage, and the same routine must be followed at subsequent rehearsals. After this preliminary work has been done, the play must be studied scene by scene and line by line for the purpose of securing the proper interpretation and expression. The first Act is rehearsed repeatedly before proceeding with the second. When the acting and the reading go hand in hand, the actors learn their lines with

little effort, and at the end of the first week, Act I should be letter-perfect. It is not always necessary to have the full cast present at the rehearsals, for single speeches and single scenes may sometimes be rehearsed to better advantage when only those immediately concerned are present. During the week immediately preceding the final performance, rehearsals are held every evening, and the "dress" rehearsals on the last two or three evenings should be held in the hall or theatre where the play is to be acted.

It is impossible within the limits of a few pages, to give detailed instructions regarding staging and acting; but there are one or two general directions which it is well for the actors to keep in mind:

For those who are taking part in the play the all-important thing is that they should *feel* the parts that they are acting. The actor who loses himself in his part is scarcely conscious of his audience, and he has no temptation to declaim. He speaks naturally, usually in a conversational tone, and he gives free expression to his emotions. "Did you see Kean in Othello?" some one asked Kemble. "No," replied Kemble, "I did not see Mr. Kean. I saw Othello." The student who enters so completely into the play that he forgets himself in the part that he is acting is likely, on the whole, to prove a better actor than the student who merely recites his lines. His speech is less hurried; his acting is more natural; he does not make unnecessary movements, and he does not let his eyes wander from the stage to the audience. He must, however, always bear in mind that his speech must be heard by the audience. This necessitates clear enunciation and proper voice-control; and

the actor must always occupy a position on the stage that will enable the audience to hear him.

On the mechanical side, in staging a play it is safer for the amateur to err on the side of simplicity rather than make his production too elaborate. The scenery and the stage-furnishings should be of the simplest. Most of the text-books on dramatics give directions for making stage settings of plain and cheap materials. In modern play-production, footlights and spotlights are sparingly used, and the stage is lighted from the wings and from above. Most amateur producers are troubled as to "make-up"; but for most plays very little make-up is required,—only enough to prevent the face from appearing too pale. But for these and all other details relating to the staging of the play, the stage-manager may be relied upon, and there are many books on dramatics which may be consulted by the amateur.

The following are a few of the well-known books on the subject:

Shakespeare for Community Players by Roy Mitchell. J. M. Dent and Sons, Toronto.

Practical Stage-Directing for Amateurs, by Emerson Taylor. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

How to Produce Amateur Plays, by Barrett H. Clark. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

Producing in Little Theatres, by Clarence Stratton. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

Book for Shakespeare Plays and Pageants, by O. L. Hatcher. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

Play Production for Amateurs, by F. H. Koch. University of North Carolina Extension Bulletin.